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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"We are turning our hopes to the old motherland. . . . We shall have no more pilgrimages to Washington." Thus says Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the ears of the British Ambassador to the United States. Canada does not mean any longer to be offered by this country as a peace-offering to the United States. Sir Wilfrid Laurier told Mr. Bryce—plainly enough as far as words go—that John Bull had not always done his duty to his Canadian son. Witness the treaties from 1783 to 1903, when a good portion of Alaska was given away. Matters have changed for Canada. Canada is now the prospering one, prospering faster, more startlingly than the United States. So Sir Wilfrid Laurier says she is no longer going on a pilgrimage to Washington to obtain commercial reciprocity from the Americans. Mutual concessions, by all means, but not concessions all on one side. Brave words these, and timely words; but the proof of them?

Mr. Bryce can hardly have enjoyed his dinner at the Canadian Club. A priori he is not known for his love of Canada, but is everywhere known for his passion for the Americans. And there was at least a suspicion that his visit to Canada might have something to do with a desire to persuade the Canadian Government to enter into reciprocity with the United States to the exclusion of this country. What could he do but throw himself into the arms of platitude? He talked "eloquently" (so runs the report) on Canadian progress, and expanded on the equal passion of all parties here for the great colonies. Mr. Bryce says we are all alike in that; we all want to keep up the connexion; we "all desire the same things". But with a difference. Mr. Bryce did not explain to the Canadian Club why, with all his and his party's desire to unite the colonies and the mother-country, the Government, of whom he was one, ignores

the offer of reciprocal preference made by Canada: an offer Sir Wilfrid Laurier has only lately reaffirmed.

One thing at any rate has now been made clear by the statements of Sir William Lyne. Australia last year in response to representation from the Colonial Office had to withdraw the preference given to Great Britain, at any rate until after the Conference. Imperial treaties it is said stand in the way. What treaties? If Canada can give us preference, why not Australia? The action of the Imperial authorities compelled the Australian Government to return £30,000 excess Customs already collected from importers of foreign goods. Could there be a greater economic farce than this? The Empire is reduced to a laughing-stock to please the foreigner and the free importer.

There is a rare piquancy about Mr. Sydney Olivier's appointment to the governorship of Jamaica. Mr. Olivier has about him most of the qualities required to frighten the plain man. He has brilliant intellect and æsthetic temperament; he has written verse and is a crank, at least a Socialist, which to the average man counts for the same thing. Mr. Olivier is one of the Fabian essayists—quite a high intellectual diploma in itself. And the cream of the thing is that, though Mr. Olivier is all this, he is not a failure as man of action. This is against all the rules of "sound common sense". Mr. Olivier has governed Jamaica before now, and his dispensation was a strikingly successful autocracy. This appointment was planned, surely, to eclipse the Government's ill-treatment of Sir Alexander Swettenham—in vain.

If all Socialists, or more of them, had Mr. Olivier's force, individualists might be alarmed in all sincerity. But one Socialist section or another is always making itself ridiculous by feebleness. Now we have the Social Democratic Federation, in a manifesto condemning Mr. Haldane's plan, telling us that soldiers ought only to be led by officers they have chosen themselves. Elected officers. What a delightful idea! What a good chance Wellington would have had of getting in! Sir Redvers Buller on the other hand would have scored handsomely under an elective system. However we are glad to see that the S.D.F. wishes every man to be trained to the use of arms.

A memorandum on Mr. Haldane's scheme issued by the National Service League follows to some extent the views we have expressed on the subject. We cannot, however, altogether agree with the attitude adopted; nor is the scheme given the credit it deserves. The main point about it is that it provides the machinery for introducing at some subsequent period a system of compulsion, which is a distinct advance. The points briefly are these: The name "territorial army" and "men of the territorial army" fit in perfectly with such an ideal. The War Office gets hold of the Volunteer machinery, financial and otherwise; and above all the country is mapped out into areas according to population, each designed to produce a certain quota of men, and of the particular kind which suits the locality. Thus the agricultural districts will yield mounted men, and the towns mainly infantry. Little in fact is lacking to give the plan life but compulsion; but without that the scheme must collapse. Lord Roberts' speech at Birmingham on Thursday was a truer criticism of the scheme than the memorandum he signed.

Is Great Britain creating for herself something of a Frankenstein monster on the Nile? The question is prompted by Lord Cromer's report on Egyptian Nationalism, which we shall examine in more detail next week. Lord Cromer is keenly alive to the paradox for which his own statesmanship is mainly responsible. Only Egypt's progress under British control has rendered possible the demand for something like a British Parliament. It is part of the perversity of the demand that certain Egyptians should aim at securing all the advantages of the British occupation, whilst eager to dispense with the occupation itself. The very men who urge Lord Cromer to employ more Egyptians as a general principle are the first to admit that the withdrawal of British officials in particular departments would be disastrous. Pan-Islamism in Lord Cromer's view has been exaggerated as a cohesive and active force, but he is convinced that it is "the predominant partner" in the so-called Nationalist movement.

Lord Cromer's creative mind is clearly apparent in this report. He is not satisfied to meet the demand for a Legislative Assembly with a critical "non possumus". He reverts to an old idea of his in favour of the creation not of an Egyptian Assembly, with all its possibilities of corrupt officialdom and bankruptcy, but of a local International Legislative Council. Egypt is to-day more part of the European than of the African system, and the Capitulations alone would render a purely native Chamber impracticable. Lord Cromer's view is that the most effective means of achieving solidarity between the European and native interests would be the establishment of joint legislative autonomy. Some such development should be the natural way of replacing "the present cumbersome and unworkable system of legislation by diplomacy". It would put an end to the Capitulations at the same time that it would afford representative men an opportunity of expressing authoritative opinion, European as well as native.

The occupation of Ujda by the French was carried through without difficulty and without hitch. A fairly large force, including two companies of Zouaves, was employed. This was wise, for it made opposition practically impossible and would have a moral effect on the inhabitants of the district and on the Maghzen. It would show, as Colonel Reibell put it, that France, if long suffering, was also strong. The Amel of Ujda seems to have taken the arrival of the French very philosophically. Probably it was something of a relief to him. At any rate there seems to have been no demonstration of fanatical dislike. Generally, according to Mr. Walter Harris, the occupation has made only the most transient impression on the native mind. None the less Ujda is being cleansed and ordered. France should be encouraged to do a little more now. We note, by the way, that the "Temps" and other Paris papers, referring to our article on the Moorish matter last week, admit that our charge against France of dilatoriness in Morocco was not unfounded.

Paris has been much excited about the Montagnini papers during the week. The Republican Government for a long while, of course, have been holding in terrorem over the Vatican the publication of this correspondence, which is to prove Vatican interference in French politics. The Vatican, on the other side, expresses the determination to see that if there is any publication the whole is published complete and ungarbled. The "Figaro" this week prints what purports to be an analysis of the correspondence. If it is a correct summary, the importance of the papers has been absurdly exaggerated. But if we are to have the whole correspondence from the French Government, as they announce, it is idle to pay attention to a second-hand report of its contents. M. Clémenceau has not much sense of dignity or he would not take the trouble to write to the "Figaro" an excited denial of certain statements in M. de Narfon's analysis. The correspondence cannot in any case modify the facts of MM. Combes and Clémenceau's attack on the Church and Christianity. The threatened publication is, of course, an ingenious device to divert the odium the attack has excited abroad.

There is to be legislation in France prohibiting public servants from resorting to strikes for the redress of grievances. The Government are likely to get into difficulties with their Bill, as the civil servants of the State and the municipalities who abound in France, from naval reserve men down to prison warders, are combined to claim all the rights of the ordinary trades unions. The Government Bill is based on the special privileges, such as pensions, enjoyed by the employees of the State, which place them in a different position from the other classes of workmen. They are to be given the right of combination, so that they may officially negotiate with the Administration; but they are not to be allowed to join the general confederation of trades unions whose method is the industrial strike. We have had in England similar difficulties, principally amongst the employees in the postal and telegraph departments; but they have never become so formidable as they are in France at present. It is a question which puts the working and the middle classes into peculiarly acute opposition one to another.

Quite a model debate has been going on during the week in the Russian Douma on the Budget. M. Kokovtsoff, the Minister of Finance, set out estimates which showed a reduction of expenditure, ordinary and extraordinary, for 1907 of thirty-three millions sterling on those of 1906, the naval estimates being reduced by over eight millions. The estimated revenue will only just suffice to cover the ordinary expenditure. On this M. Kokovtsoff remarked that there was nothing alarming when a State was able to balance its ordinary revenue and expenditure. He added that a loan was an extreme remedy, but he saw no danger in resorting to a loan to cover the extraordinary expenditure of about thirty millions: a somewhat broad hint as to this being a possible project.

An interesting point was raised as to the constitutional position of the Douma in financial questions, which has never been understood. As at first the Douma was regarded as a consultative body only, a law excluded its control over such items of expenditure as were authorised by existing laws and ordinances. M. Struhve, who raised the question, asked if the Government intended to act on these restrictions; and he mentioned as examples that enormous sums were allotted to the censorship of foreign publications which were freely published in Russian translations. Much evidently depends on the answer which the Government may give. There has also been an agrarian debate in which the advocates of all sorts of land schemes have had their say. The dispute still centres round expropriation, to which the Government remain opposed; but they have largely discounted the danger by the enormous transferences of land already made to the peasantry; and the debates in the Douma on this subject are of a very different character from those in the first Douma.

By putting an army in the field to suppress the peasant risings which last week appeared to be very formidable, the Roumanian Government has succeeded in quelling them. One of the Government measures has been to arrest seventy-nine sailors belonging to the Russian warship "Potemkin". They were allowed to settle in Roumania after the mutiny, and they have shown their gratitude by carrying on their revolutionary agitation there. Austria, Russia, Servia, and Bulgaria all concentrated troops at different points of the Roumanian frontier in order to prevent the disturbances spreading amongst the Roumanians who are in large numbers in the border districts. Now the risings are put down, there remains the reform of the peasants' grievances which the new Liberal Ministry has promised. The pressure that has been put on the landowners has been resented, and there will be violent opposition to the programme published when Bukharest seemed in danger.

The "reform movement" in China goes on its way. English people will do well to watch it carefully; it will be a great advance if they consider it at all. No doubt change is in the air, but how far it is progress, even in the political sense, apart from any true one, is a question indeed. The "progressive" young men in China, educated abroad, especially in Japan, think they know everything when they know a very little. They would run when they are hardly able to walk. And it is just these who are the most anti-foreign. Viewed in this light, the recent appointment of Chinese to various posts in the Imperial Maritime Customs hitherto filled by Europeans, usually Englishmen, is significant, if not actually sinister, from the British point of view. It is at any rate the fruit of the recent edict modifying formally Sir Robert Hart's position. We are glad to see that the China Association, at its recent annual meeting, re-elected Mr. R. S. Gundry president. His authority is needed there now.

The Roosevelt-Harriman controversy has been raging in New York. The "World" published a letter written by Mr. Harriman two years ago to a friend. The "World" bought it from a discharged employee of Mr. Harriman. The gist of it was that at the Presidential Election in 1904 Mr. Roosevelt asked Mr. Harriman to raise funds, as Mr. Cortelyou, the Chairman of the National Committee, had failed to obtain what was necessary. Mr. Harriman told his friend that it was arranged that Mr. Chauncey Depew should be disposed of as senator for New York and sent as Ambassador to Paris. Mr. Harriman kept his part of the bargain and raised £40,000, which meant 50,000 Republican votes for New York State; but Mr. Roosevelt had not kept his promise.

Mr. Harriman, it is said, wanted to take Mr. Depew's place, which had been promised him by the Mayor of New York, Mr. Higgins. The President says in effect that Mr. Harriman lies in saying he was asked to contribute to the Presidential fund. The conversation he had was about the Republican "bolt" from Mr. Higgins and the effort necessary to save the party; and it was for this money was asked. Mr. Harriman has issued a statement in which he admits this version. He mixed things up a little evidently; but he still maintains he rendered the special service for which Mr. Depew was to go to Paris. We shall have to wait for further developments, and also for the truth about that other story of £1,000,000 to be raised by Messrs. Harriman, Hearst and Rockefeller to capture both National Conventions against the President's anti-trust policy.

What the defence in the Thaw case asserted has proved correct, and Thaw has been found by the Commission of Lunacy to be sane at present, and to be capable of instructing his counsel. The trial should now proceed in order to prove, though there is no "brain-storm" now, whether or not it was raging when Thaw shot White. If this wonderful defence succeeds, Thaw will have had the satisfaction of his revenge, and will escape the chair and the lunatic asylum as well.

As we cannot compliment those who took part in the agitation for the reprieve of Rayner by calling them intelligent, we believe that Mr. Gladstone's decision took all intelligent people by surprise. Their opinion agrees with that of Sir George Lewis, who describes the decision as practically amounting to the abolition of capital punishment, and as a great victory for blackmailers and murderers. This is so, because in a case absolutely plain Mr. Gladstone has set aside without any valid reason the deliberate verdict and sentence of a Court. Where the Home Secretary has information not before the Court or the public, his action is usually welcomed and his judgment accepted. But after this there can be no confidence in Mr. Gladstone. Is he a humanitarian innocent or a political pander?

Mr. Swift MacNeill has discovered a plan to break the power of the Lords, and what is more he has communicated it by letter to the Prime Minister. Briefly, whenever the Government of the day cannot obtain the acquiescence of the Peers in its legislative proposals, the royal prerogative is forthwith to be invoked to withhold writs of summons from the non-contents. It is interesting to find a Nationalist member of Parliament giving to a Radical Government legal advice based on an unsuccessful exercise of prerogative by Charles I. Has he forgotten that the Stuarts exercised their prerogative to give certain places the right of returning members to the House of Commons? Is this prerogative also, on similar lines, to be revived by a Radical Government—say when they appeal to the country and find themselves in a minority? In the law of Parliament nothing is more definite than the rule that provided a peer can prove his pedigree from an ennobled ancestor, or by virtue of a special patent, his writ must be issued to him forthwith. Mr. MacNeill should read his peerage cases a little more closely.

Mr. Asquith's surplus proves to be £5,400,000, and the short-memoried taxpayer has been busy speculating as to what he will do with it. The answer is, of course, that it is out of his power to do anything with it unless he adopts the extreme course of suspending the Sinking Fund. It will go in reduction of debt, not in relief of taxation. It is to the Budget of 1907-8 that the taxpayer must look, and Mr. Asquith's opportunities will depend not only on income, but on expenditure. If, as is suggested, he has £3,000,000 or £4,000,000 to play with, he may see his way to do something, though not much, for the income-tax payer, now pressing his claims hard. Mr. Asquith, however, may not feel confident that his good fortune will continue. He can hardly expect millionaires to drop off as rapidly as in the past year.

The Brandies Rocks do not make an ideal cradle for a vessel of over 12,500 tons, and a thrill of excitement passed through Lloyd's when the news spread that the White Star Liner "Suevic" had been signalled in tow of four tugs some twenty miles south-west of the Needles. After the ship struck the shore close under the Lizard Light it seemed as though she were bound to become a total wreck. The rough seas delayed salvage operations and the vessel took a list to starboard. The Liverpool Salvage Association lost no time in getting the cargo out directly the weather moderated; but though the rapidity with which this task was completed caused general admiration in shipping circles, the saving of the ship looked a very "sporting" item. It reflects great credit on all concerned in the work of salvage that the "Suevic" has been rescued.

A great number of Englishmen still take their pleasures sadly at Easter, as the other Englishmen would think. Quite a long list can be made of people "who mean business", spending the greater part of their holidays in discussing what at first sight look like forbidding topics. There was the conference of the Independent Labour Party, of their opponents the Social Democratic Federation, of the National Union of Teachers, of the National Union of Shop Assistants, of the National Confederation of Sub-Postmasters, of the United Kingdom Postal Clerks' Association, and of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars. We are not sure that these were all, but they are sufficient to show

frivolous Easter holiday makers what a great army it is of those who are leading the strenuous life and preparing the millennium for others who are not particularly discontented with things as they are.

Yet they are not altogether dull these meetings, even in the newspaper reports. The teachers of course are hopeless from the point of humour; they do not rise above the professional jokes. There are two to be found in the speech of Mr. Pickles—now M.A., with Dr. Macnamara and Mr. Yoxall, of the University of Oxford. One definition of secondary education by a boy is "Elementary education is vulgar fractions; secondary is decimals"; another by a schoolmaster is in the angry retort that there was no secondary education in his school, it was all first-class. One can never get over the feeling on reading such addresses as Mr. Pickles' that these teachers are for higher education mainly because it gives them a higher status. The "pushing" disposition always comes out strongly.

As we are not searching for seriousness however, we turn to the Independent Labour Party and the Social Democrats to read about the President of the Local Government Board. He is the "Right Hon. Renegade". Was not something like this Mr. Burns' description of Mr. Chamberlain? Once upon a time the ideal of the working classes was to be like John Burns. Mr. Keir Hardie cannot be expected to tolerate this, and he aims at raising them to a position from which they can look down upon Cabinet Ministers: especially, we presume, the President of the Local Government Board.

The statement of eminent doctors in the "Lancet" contradicting that other statement of equally eminent doctors which denied the value of alcohol as a food and as a medicine has given the teetotaler a shock. Now there comes the drink bill for 1906 showing that the annual decrease of five and a half millions which had gone on steadily for the preceding six years has not been kept up; and instead there is an increase of over two millions. The bill for 1906 ought to have been under £160,000,000, whereas it is over £166,000,000. Still over any long period the tendency is to drink less, not more.

The housing of lunatics is a serious question enough, in all conscience, but it is very difficult not to smile at Lord Rosebery's cries of anguish over the lunatic burden of Epsom. Who could help smiling when Lord Rosebery "does not care to discriminate between the two agreeable announcements" of the escape of two lunatics, or of one lunatic and two epileptics? Not a pleasant alternative to a nervous person, certainly. Lord Rosebery should head a deputation to the London County Council. The glamour of his early association would surely stand him in some stead. The Progressives did the mischief to Epsom; perhaps the "Municipal Reformers" would undo it. Meantime is Lord Rosebery doing his darling Epsom the best turn by advertising it so extensively as a home for lunatics and epileptics? If he is not careful, sane and insane will cease even to balance one another in Epsom.

Mr. Balfour is jealous for the reputation of golf. Opening a club at Warminster the other day, he protested, serio-comically, against the idea that golf is an old man's game, cricket being for youth. Well, of course it is anything but an old man's game. No one who plays golf, no matter at what age he took to it, thinks it is. But this side of the Tweed Mr. Balfour is taking something of a liberty in denouncing the postponement of golf to cricket. Golf is a great game, truly; but it is not cricket. Which is just the spirit Mr. Balfour cannot tolerate. That is because he is a Scotchman; but at Warminster he was in England.

Yesterday science and poetry met together; the common birthday of Lord Lister and Mr. Swinburne. Few days, surely, have been so doubly crowned as the fifth of April. Then rose two stars indeed, whose sweet influences have spread to the ends of the world. It is certain their light can never set. We may be proud, and not boastful, that England has the greatest living poet and the greatest living surgeon in all the world. There is nothing bizarre, rather there is true harmony, in the association. Both are healing arts in the highest.

A NATIONAL TURNING-POINT.

AS colonial Ministers assemble in London and speak their minds with a freedom which to British officialdom seems almost uncouth, the discomfort of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues increases. Two members of the Cabinet are named as openly expressing disquietude at the possible results of a purely negative attitude in the matter of preference, and suggested alternatives are passing to and fro. These Ministers cannot follow Mr. Winston Churchill, who, though not a member of the Cabinet, has been allowed to commit the Ministry to the blessing of preference as between colony and colony, and the cursing of it as between colony and Motherland; and they are asking, as Canadian Ministers asked in 1902 and as Mr. Balfour asked the other day, whether something cannot be done forthwith to meet the united colonial desire for an approach towards closer imperial unity along the line of least resistance, that is to say the line of Imperial Preference. At least four members of the Cabinet regard themselves as Imperialists, and they fear the unfortunate effect of greeting colonial Ministers at the pending Conference with a flat refusal of the very proposal to which they, as spokesmen for the colonies, attach greatest weight, and upon which alone they are in complete agreement. They ask in private, as their chief mouthpiece in the Ministerial daily press asks this week in public, why not at all events show sympathy with colonial aspirations and at the same time lessen existing food taxes by granting a preference in the British general tariff that we now have? Exempt colonial products from our present revenue duties and bring Canada within the area of preference by re-imposing the registration duty on foreign cereals—that is all that Canada asked for in 1902 in return for an enlargement of her preference, and if granted to-day it would relieve Ministerialists of the reproach they most fear, the reproach of Little Englandism. Mr. Sydney Buxton, a member of the Cabinet, has followed Peel and Gladstone in declaring the registration duty on cereals to be unimpeachable from the Free Trade standpoint, and more than one member of the present Ministry has expressed astonishment at the abandonment of so fruitful and harmless a source of revenue. From that position to Imperial Preference is the smallest of steps. It will be a strange commentary upon imperial statesmanship if at this critical moment in the history of the Empire a Ministry calling itself imperial allows a few wild election utterances to bar the only way immediately open to fuller imperial co-partnership.

It is no longer possible to disguise colonial unanimity on this one question. It is the appeal of the younger sons urged with all the force of affectionate kinship, and if Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues find the appeal embarrassing they have only themselves to thank. For four years they have protested in Parliament and up and down the country that the colonies have made no offer to the Motherland; upon that protestation and their Chinese "slavery" and "dear loaf" inexactitudes they won their way into power. They waived on one side the formal Colonial Conference resolution of 1902, and the definite pledge of Canada to enlarge her tariff preference in return for a preference in the existing British revenue tariff. Two hundred Radical M.P.s even went the length of petitioning Australia not to follow the example of Canada, New Zealand and South Africa by adopting the principle of preference. The Commonwealth Parliament has replied by enacting a 10 per cent. preference on British goods carried in British ships, and, to avoid a refusal of this boon to British manufacturers and shippers, British Ministers have fled for shelter behind a few unimportant British treaties. But at least Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a gold medallist of the Cobden Club was counted upon. Had he not declared that Canada's preference was a "free gift" and also a good stroke of policy for Canada? Had he not refused to submit any new proposals to the Colonial Conference or take any other step in respect of trade preferences which could increase the discomfort of those in England who bore his own party badge of Liberalism? The answer came with

overwhelming directness in the Canadian Prime Minister's speeches of 27 March and 1 April. "We have nothing to do with your internal politics"—this is in effect Sir Wilfrid Laurier's message to British Ministers—"but what we offered on behalf of Canada in 1902 we offer again. We favour you in our tariff above the foreigner; if in your own interests and the interests of the Empire you see the wisdom of favouring us in your tariff we will increase our preference; if not, we go our way in peace and without the shadow of a grievance, and you go yours." And turning to the Bryce-Root affair of the past fortnight, we cannot doubt what Canada's way will be should the British door be slammed in her face. Canadian Ministerial journals such as the "Globe" of Toronto have no hesitation in accepting as authoritative Mr. Root's reported advances to Mr. Bryce for a virtual pooling of tariffs as between Canada and the United States and the substitution of McKinley rates against British manufacturers for the present Canadian preference. Mr. Bryce's ardent Americanism may well have taken him to Ottawa in pursuit of this astounding policy, British Ambassador though he is; and assured that Canadian Ministers will return from London with no British response to their preference advances, he may be expected to put to its fullest uses at Washington the open offer of Canada's new Intermediate Tariff at the expense of preference. And who shall say that he will fail?

It is useless to cherish an illusion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's imperialism is subject to qualification. Sir Wilfrid is a Canadian "first and all the time". When British Ministers urge the need of co-operation in imperial defence, he declares against a Canadian "plunge into the vortex of European militarism". His Minister of Marine, when under the influence of the Imperial Committee of Defence, may nibble at the creation of a small Canadian defence flotilla under entire Canadian control; his Minister of Defence may interchange military officers and perhaps units. But there can be nothing in the nature of a Canadian cash contribution towards military and naval forces controlled by an authority responsible alone to the Parliament of the United Kingdom. "Call us to your councils" was once Sir Wilfrid Laurier's cry; to-day he sees in mild proposals for a perpetuation of the Colonial Conference in council form a possible "source of embarrassment to the colonies" by making that council a "mere echo of the Imperial Government". In these imperial discussions Sir Wilfrid Laurier stands more and more in the shadow of Mr. Henri Bourassa and the young French-Canada whom that ambitious politician represents. For them the watchwords are "Canada first" and "As we are in imperial affairs". The dread of a loss of French-Canadian individuality haunts their dreams. 'Tis so, and pity it should be so. Would it were otherwise. Still we may believe that the imperial horizon of French-Canada will go on widening, as it certainly has widened since the annexationist days of Papineau and the independence days of Mercier. But for the present it seems we must be content to see Canada move cautiously forward, meeting each new need for empire co-partnership as it arises, and fighting shy of large and it may be perfectly safe and beneficent schemes of imperialism. For her at this moment there is but one subject before the Colonial Conference in which, to use Sir Wilfrid Laurier's phrase, she is "vitaly interested". She led the way in preference in 1897, and she stands ready to move further along the same road. We refuse to believe that it is the will of the British people that the golden moment shall be neglected, and Canada, and the other colonies in her train, be turned into a national road which in trade at least has no imperial goal. This Conference must in any case mark a new era in British history. It cannot leave matters as it found them. It will permanently affect the relations of this country and the colonies either in the direction of closer union or of widening divergence. Preference accepted, the colonies will look more and more towards England: preference declined, they will look more and more away from England.

EX-COLONIAL GOVERNORS AND DIRECTORSHIPS.

LORD ELGIN'S circular to the Colonial Governors on the subject of directorships must be taken as a left-handed, and somewhat belated, rebuke to Sir West Ridgeway in connexion with the Ceylon Pearl Fisheries Company. The pearl fisheries of Ceylon used to be the monopoly of the Government of Ceylon. The last colonial governorship held by Sir West Ridgeway was that of Ceylon; and shortly after his retirement from that post, within two years, we believe, a concession was granted to a joint-stock company, of which Sir West Ridgeway is the chairman, for the exploitation of the pearl fishing of Ceylon in return for a royalty to the Government of the Colony. In the hands of the Government the Ceylon pearl fishery lost money; in the hands of the company it has made money. These we understand to be undisputed facts, from which certain inferences are drawn. It is inferred, or insinuated, or alleged, that Sir West Ridgeway, when he was Governor of Ceylon, saw the value of the pearl fisheries; saw that they were mismanaged; and saw the advantage of transferring a mismanaged Government monopoly to a company upon the basis of a royalty. So far the story is merely a compliment to Sir West Ridgeway's ability as a business man: and the fact that the fishing which lost money in the hands of the Government makes money in the hands of a company should be carefully noted by those who advocate the nationalisation of all industrial enterprise. But it is further insinuated, though not directly alleged, that Sir West Ridgeway used the knowledge and the influence obtained by him when Governor of Ceylon so as to procure the transference of the pearl-fishing rights upon terms which were unduly advantageous to the company, of which he was going to be a director, and which were consequently a fraud upon the Government of the colony. This is the insinuation which has been conveyed in sundry questions in the House of Commons and in several articles in the newspapers. So far as we know, no evidence is offered in support of this innuendo, except the facts that the oyster-beds now pay both Government and shareholders, and that formerly they paid nobody.

The simple explanation that self-interest may be a better tutor of industry than Government control does not apparently occur to the Radical Pharisees, who accuse Sir West Ridgeway of having abused his position as a Colonial Governor. But reasonable or unreasonable—and we have shown that it is unreasonable—the feeling against the transaction in the Liberal party is so strong that the mild and sensible Lord Elgin has been driven into writing a very foolish letter to the Governors of colonies, in which he makes them a present of his opinion, not as to what they should be doing now, but as to what they should be doing when they retire from their appointments, with which, it seems to us, Lord Elgin has no more business than the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW. When a Colonial Governor is "functus officio" he draws a small pension from the State, which is of course dependent on good conduct. But otherwise he is surely free to employ his time, his experience and his ability in the manner most profitable to himself, without any interference from the Secretary of State. Lord Elgin is too much of a gentleman not to feel that he is treading on very delicate ground; and too much of a man of affairs not to know that he is putting himself in a false and ridiculous position. His letter is therefore cautious, polite, and vague; and as we believe it was written by command of the Prime Minister we feel sorry for Lord Elgin.

With many civil flourishes and timid allusions Lord Elgin expresses his opinion that a Colonial Governor would do better not to join the board of a company connected with the territory which he once administered. Does this refer to the last colony which an ex-Governor administered, or to any colony which he governed? If the latter, an ex-Governor like Lord Rosmead would be debarred from the greater part of the British Empire beyond the seas, for there was hardly a colony of any importance of which Sir Hercules Robinson had

not been Governor, and the same remark will shortly apply to Sir Henry Blake. If Lord Elgin's opinion only refers to the last colony which an ex-Governor has administered, the circular is at once reduced to a pointless absurdity. There is, it is hardly necessary to say, a reasonable objection to a Governor during his term of office being commercially interested in a company which operates in the territory which he administers. Thus, Sir Hercules Robinson was a shareholder in De Beers whilst he was Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner of South Africa, a fact which was properly animadverted upon in the House of Commons. But according to Lord Elgin an ex-Colonial Governor is never to be a director of a company which exploits a colony of which he has ever been Governor. Thus (to take imaginary cases), if a company were formed for the irrigation of the Transvaal, Lord Milner would be prevented from joining the board, because he happens to know more about the Transvaal than any other man in the world. Or supposing that the chairmanship of one of the great Indian railways were to fall vacant, Lord Curzon would be ineligible, because he happens to have ruled India for seven years. Or let us imagine that some years hence a large financial company be formed to develop or consolidate one of the many industrial interests of Egypt: is Lord Cromer to be told that he must not direct its affairs, because he knows Egyptian finance as he knows the palm of his hand? The case of Lord Dufferin will occur to everyone. But Lord Dufferin got into trouble, not because he joined a company which dealt with a country which he had governed, but because he did the reverse. Had Lord Dufferin accepted the chairmanship of a company which exploited India or Canada, it is safe to assert that he never would have ended his life in the odour of a City scandal. But he joined the board of a company which was concerned with gold mining in Australia, a country of which he knew nothing; and besides, he ran up against the frenzied finance of Whitaker Wright, which was bad luck.

We hold no brief for Sir West Ridgeway, in whose career and character there are many features which we do not like. But we cannot find any evidence that he abused his position as Governor of Ceylon in the matter of the pearl fishing. Nor, if he had done so, is it safe or just to infer a general proposition from a particular instance. Lord Elgin's circular seems to us to be unjust both to the Colonial Governors and to the shareholding public. To the Colonial Governors, because it assumes that they cannot be trusted to act as honourable men. To the public, because it deprives them of the experience and ability of a class of directors whom it is most desirable to obtain. Very few men in the business circles of London know anything about the colonies, except what they read in the newspapers. An ex-Colonial Governor strikes us as an ideal director of a company which proposes to develop the colony which he once ruled. This attack upon ex-Colonial Governors who become directors is only another side of the attack which is so constantly made in the House of Commons against Cabinet Ministers who join boards. There is behind it and underlying it an innuendo which we should like to drag out into the daylight. Is the business of directing a joint-stock company a dishonourable and contemptible job? If so, let it be so stated, and directors and shareholders will know where they stand.

Our joint-stock company legislation, still unfinished, is generally regarded as one of the achievements of modern times. Then why are directors, who are necessary to the working of those Acts, paid like clerks and arraigned as criminals? The only result of these attacks will be that directors in future will be men of straw. Luckily, Lord Elgin's circular is merely a pious opinion. He cannot enforce it, and as it is insulting to a class of Civil servants and injurious to the public, he had better have kept it to himself. It will have no effect on ex-Governors whose sense of honour is deficient, and it may tend to deprive legitimate enterprise of really useful directors.

BRITISH POTTERS AND TARIFF REFORM.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE has been occupying himself this Eastertide in cheap gibes at the Tariff Commission. He could not have chosen a more unfortunate moment, for the Commission has by the issue of the tenth section of its report again reminded the public that in its survey of the whole range of British industry it is doing a work of unique national value, and is teaching the Board of Trade itself many a lesson in both manner and method. It has been urged that the task of the Tariff Commission should long ago have been undertaken by a Government Department, and the new Census of Production which Mr. Lloyd-George and his assistants are now struggling to bring to birth is no doubt an outcome of this criticism. But Mr. Lloyd-George is finding out—and the discovery may account for his irritation—that the traders of this country draw a broad distinction between the inquiries of a body of independent and trusted investigators directed to national ends and the kind of inquisition, not far removed in character from that of the Income Tax Commissioners and Factory Inspectors, which Mr. Lloyd-George is attempting to carry through. We all remember how emphatic were the Radical assertions when the Tariff Commission first started its labours three years ago, that this "self-constituted" body would be entirely ignored by business men. It was thought good form in the Radical press to fling the epithet "forty thieves" at men of the high national standing of Sir Robert Herbert, Sir Alexander Henderson, Sir Vincent Caillard, Sir Cecil Clementi Smith, Mr. Charles Booth and others who had undertaken this patriotic work and could get no personal advantage from their exertions. In a word, Mr. Lloyd-George and his friends in the press and on the platform spared no effort to prejudice the Commission in the eyes of the industrial community of this country. But the industrial community are little moved by the assertiveness of the party politician in matters affecting their trade. From every business quarter the Commission has received the fullest co-operation. The oral and written testimony of fully 15,000 firms and associations, manufacturing and trading in every part of the United Kingdom, on every conceivable aspect of internal and external commerce has been freely given. With their aid the Commission has published an exhaustive examination of the conditions of ten of the leading branches of British industry; and to publish the evidence upon which the whole of its report is being based would need 200 large volumes. That is the best answer to Mr. Lloyd-George's gibes. His Industrial Census efforts are intended to cover only a small part of the labours of the Tariff Commission; but if he emerges from them with anything like the credit of the Tariff Commission he may account himself a happy man. Meanwhile he and his colleagues may be helped to attain this end if they study the succinct and illuminative report on the British pottery trade which the Commission has just given to the public.

If ever there was a manufacture in which England should hold her own, it is pottery. With our Dwights, Astburys, Wedgwoods and Doultons, to name no others, we have from the close of the seventeenth century led the world in inventive genius; our working potters are admittedly the equal of any—they have, in fact, been the teachers of competing nations; our English clays are the chief raw material of foreign as well as British potters. The rapid progress of the electrical industries and the advance of sanitary science have brought about a development of the potter's art which England may claim as especially her own. We have the world's best market for pottery at our doors, while the most promising markets of the world, those of the British colonies, are for the most part open to us on preferential terms. And yet, after an exhaustive expert inquiry into every branch of the subject, the Tariff Commission is driven to report that the British industry is stagnant where it is not backward. It fails to keep pace with the home demand, and we become more and more dependent upon imports from Germany and other foreign countries. Our export trade has remained practically stationary for a quarter of a century, while Germany, France

and Austria are exporting in constantly increasing proportions. Especially significant is their advance in British colonies and in such neutral markets as South America; and taking the industry as a whole it is clear that for the employers the prospect is one of increased competition at home and abroad and a lessened margin of profit, and for the workpeople increased short time and lessened earnings. The report bristles with startling facts and figures in illustration of these general conclusions. Thus, while our exports refuse to progress, Germany has increased her exports in the last eight years by no less than 70 per cent. Her tariff keeps the best part of her home market for her own potters, and the surplus which she sends to us, and to other nations who formerly looked to us for almost their whole supplies, now nearly equals the whole of the British output. This disproportionate growth would be hard enough to bear were it the result of fair trading, but the evidence shows how ready German manufacturers and merchants are to make a dumping ground of the British market. German pottery wares are at times sold in British and colonial markets at less than the British manufacturer pays for labour alone upon similar articles. As witnesses explain, the German manufacturers, having the double market at home and abroad, keep their factories going at full capacity, the only extra cost to them for the exported goods with which they undercut the British manufacturers being the raw material and the bare wages paid to the potter. Thus the exported goods are often sold at any price they will fetch, and not infrequently the German dumped goods are pirated copies of expensively produced English designs. "A short time ago Doulton and Co. were selling a registered design for 16s. per dozen. The Germans made copies and sold them in five or six towns in England and Scotland at prices from 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. a dozen for precisely the same article. That shows that the agent has been told to sell at any price he could get." If Mr. Lloyd-George is left a free hand by his colleagues he may be able to do something to check the most flagrant cases of German piracy; he is also said to have a laudable desire to deal with the problem of preferential railway rates upon German imports into the British market, but a changed fiscal system will still be needed to safeguard the British industry against a dumping system which drives the British manufacturer from one branch of trade to another at the will of his foreign competitor.

Take again the illuminative case of the United States. We admit United States produce and manufactures into our most profitable market without duty or toll; we do more, we hand over to our United States competitors without impediment of any kind the English ball clay which they find absolutely essential for the manufacture of earthenware. The return for this generous treatment is a 60 per cent. scale of duties, under which much of our best export trade has been cut away, and the extension of United States influence over Cuba and the Hawaiian Islands has similarly deprived British manufacturers of another large part of their export market. A manufacturer speaks of his own loss of £4,000 a year on one United States account alone, and the result has been to throw the excluded trade upon the British home market with effects that have frequently proved ruinous. Moreover, the evidence shows how rigid and exorbitant the United States Customs officials can be when it is a case of hindering British trade. It is useless, of course, to waste invective upon United States legislators and administrators. They have a right to keep out our goods if they can, but what folly it is to neglect the abundant opportunities for a deal which arise from our natural and industrial advantages. Our weakness in commercial negotiations was never better illustrated than in the evidence of Mr. T. C. Moore, chairman of the Parliamentary Tariff Committee of the North Staffordshire Chamber of Commerce. Take one case. Germany is especially interested in general earthenware; she has not yet become a dangerous competitor with us in sanitary earthenware. Hence in her negotiations with Switzerland Germany secures good terms for general earthenware, and then under the plausible plea of not wishing to drive too hard a bargain

(as the tariff in this particular case is not framed for protectionist purposes but for revenue) yields her consent to an increased Swiss duty of 50 per cent. on sanitary earthenware. It looks so generous as a concession to Switzerland; it is really a blow at British trade, and the British Ministry, having nothing to negotiate, does nothing and can do nothing. We well understand Mr. Moore's declaration that the classification of goods in any tariff is of the utmost importance, and we cease to wonder that of the sixty firms in the china trade fifty declare themselves to be absolutely agreed as to the necessity of fiscal reform, while of the remaining ten about half of the partners are favourable, "but from the fact that they each have a partner who generally, for political reasons, does not see fit to throw in his lot with us, they have to stand out". These are the words of an authoritative witness. They carry their own moral.

THE HOME SECRETARY'S COWARDICE.

ARE all murderers to be reprieved while Mr. Gladstone is Home Secretary, as part of the Liberal administrative policy, or only some? The reprieve of Rayner has reduced the law of capital punishment to the position of a lottery; and any criminal who has been found guilty of murder, though judge and jury may be unable to find any extenuating circumstances, may draw a favourable number and escape the legal consequences of his crime. It has always been understood that the death penalty to be deterrent must be certain; and if it is not deterrent there is every reason for abolishing a law under which some murderers are hanged while others for inexplicable reasons have their penalty remitted. The only reason for Mr. Gladstone's action that can be discovered is that he has been moved by the sordid agitation of certain newspapers that are always on the look-out for sensational advertisement, and vulgarly grab at anything that will send up their sales. There was no reasonable ground for reprieving Rayner. Therefore Mr. Gladstone must either be as morbidly sentimental as the crowd that follows the lead of these catch-ha'penny papers, or he has thought it good political business to give in to their clamour. When petitions were being signed at Nonconformist chapels, the latter is not an unlikely supposition. The Rayner case had been drawn into the forum of the Nonconformist conscience and was being tried by other rules than those by which a judge and jury try questions of murder. Mr. Gladstone involved himself in this tangle, and has thus shown himself to be one of the weakest of Home Secretaries, though this hardly needed further demonstration than he had already given. It is inconceivable, if Mr. Asquith had been in his place, that the office of Home Secretary would have been made the instrument for pandering to the most contemptible agitation that has ever been engineered even by the newspapers of the ignorant classes.

We can understand a movement more or less rational for the abolition of capital punishment. That is arguable. But it is not arguable to retain the punishment and at the same time to demand that a murderer like Rayner should not suffer it. Juries sometimes are bound to find a verdict of murder, and yet they feel there are extenuating circumstances of a moral kind which prompt them to suggest that the Crown's prerogative of mercy might well be exercised. They said nothing of this sort in Rayner's case. Rayner's motive was either revenge or the desire to obtain money, the common motives for crime, and the criminal law exists for nothing else than to prevent men from acting on these motives. Is some kind of revenge to be approved and not punished? We get near to saying that sometimes, where women have committed murder upon men who have wronged them sexually in one way or another. There are some outrages on family life where men have been excused for killing an offender; but the murder must not be done in cold blood. The revenge must not be meditated, or if it is, it must be sought under such a form as the duel. Even these concessions to the motive of revenge are full of danger, because when people begin to avenge their own injuries they make serious mistakes

and they are not exactly the best judges of the amount of injury they have suffered, nor are their punishments likely to be nicely proportioned to the offence? Lynching is a good illustration, where anarchy takes the place of order. But whatever sympathy may have been shown for vengeance exacted for sexual offences, we had not until Rayner shot Mr. Whiteley got so far as believing that an illegitimate son is justified in killing his putative father. This however seems to be the new theory, and Rayner's case is certainly a very strong one, inasmuch as the actual paternity was even more uncertain than it is in ordinary illegitimacies.

There is no doubt that a good deal of the sentimentality devoted to Rayner was due to the notion that from the mere fact of his illegitimacy he had suffered a terrible wrong. It excused parricide in short. As there are not a few cases where a reflective person could find some good reason for holding that his father, legitimate or illegitimate, had inflicted a serious injury by bringing him into the world, why should we not go further? As the same objection might also be made against his mother by a sensitive son, it would appear that the Rayner precedent will apply to a very considerable number of cases. It will be quite safe to calculate on escaping the death penalty so long as you only murder your father or your mother in revenge for the grievance of your birth. If you have not been born in a station in life agreeable to you, or your education has been neglected, or you have not been put to a good trade, or your parents have nothing to leave you because they have been improvident—well, there is your grievance, and parricides are on the Home Secretary's list for specially favourable treatment. The principle may be extended until murder may be committed from any motive without being punished with death; unless the exception be the bare motive of murdering for money. Rayner's reprieve would pretty well cover this also, for his assertion of paternity was as nearly as possible a simple case of blackmailing. He demanded money as any other blackmailer might do by exploiting his illegitimacy and attempting to turn a doubtful relationship to profit. There was not the slightest tinge of sentiment in his claim on Mr. Whiteley. How can the Home Secretary allow any murderer to be hanged in future? He has practically abolished the death penalty. We suppose those only will be hanged who are not fortunate enough to catch on with the public that made Rayner a hero, and whom it will pay no newspaper to trouble about. These obscure criminals will be allowed to die, without its occurring to anyone to urge as a plea what has been put forward on Rayner's behalf. And yet there is never a man hanged who does not bring on all associated with him the calamity and ruin which Rayner has brought on his family. These are the consequences of his crime; they are part of whatever deterrent effect capital punishment may have. So that none of those unhappy facts afforded any special ground for the commutation of Rayner's sentence. The Home Secretary has granted capriciously, without any reason, a privilege denied to others, and he has not administered the law, as he is bound to do, impartially and without fear or favour. He has betrayed his office and the traditions of English justice. So long as capital punishment is retained in English law there could not be the shadow of a reason why Rayner should not be executed for his cold-blooded murder. There was no doubt as to the facts; the question of his sanity was at the most that fantastic one which may always be raised whether any murderer is sane. There was no legal defence, and the palliation on moral grounds which was urged cannot be admitted unless we are to abolish punishment for crime of any kind. The only glimpse of rationality in the endeavour to save Rayner from execution is that his apologists are now anxious to have him pardoned or his imprisonment lessened. This is good logic, for on their premisses the pleas that have saved him from execution ought to save him from penal servitude. It is possible to take Rayner's own view that hanging would be preferable to penal servitude for life. If Mr. Whiteley deserved his fate, which is really the monstrous assumption at the bottom of the agitation in favour of

Rayner, it follows that to punish Rayner by a punishment worse than hanging is a flagrant injustice. This topsy-turvy argument really ought to commend itself strongly to Mr. Gladstone. When he has gone so far with the most senseless and contemptible agitation that ever sprang up amongst the neurotic sections of the public he is capable of any weakness and absurdity, and nothing he might do in this matter or any other would make him more contemptible.

THE CITY.

WHAT the Stock exchange wants is a period of rest, after the agitating events of the last two settlements. Following the holidays the first thing that greeted brokers on Tuesday was a fresh fall in American Rails, as a consequence of an attempt by Wall Street to squeeze the "bears" of Canadian Pacifics. These shares, which closed in New York at 190, were opened in London at 187 and quickly dropped to 184, and the next day to 174. It is really time that the London Stock Exchange made itself independent of the vagaries of Wall Street. Take a stock like Canadian Pacifics, for instance. The railway is managed by an English board of directors, and its prosperity has really nothing to do with the United States. But because Mr. Jefferson Levi and some other Wall Street plungers choose to go bulling and bearing at one another, this stock falls from 208 to 164, and ruins a great many people. A very pretty quarrel has now sprung up between President Roosevelt and Mr. Harriman, which is not likely to improve matters in the American market. The only "bull" point is that the state of trade in the United States is undoubtedly flourishing, and therefore wealth must be accumulating. If only Wall Street could be closed for the next three months, or Mr. Harriman be induced to take a trip to Central Africa, confidence would be quickly restored. As it is, markets grew distinctly steadier towards the end of the week, and Union Pacifics rose to 141 and Canadians to 181. We cannot help thinking that at 101 or 102 Steel Preference are a good speculative investment to hold for six or nine months.

There is a great deal of wreckage from the storm that it will take months to clear away. Two of the failures, those of Mr. Barnett and Mr. C. J. Allen, are sad enough, they being very old members of "the House", and defaulting, of course, through no fault of their own, but owing to clients' inability to pay differences. We are afraid it is true that stockbrokers give credit to speculating clients far too easily, seldom asking for margin unless it is a big order. The only way to cure this would be for some court of undisputed authority, e.g. the House of Lords, to decide once for all that gambling in "differences" came within the Gaming Act. If differences were not recoverable at law, stockbrokers would be far more careful in dealing for speculators, and they would insist on a deposit of cover. As things stand, the much-abused "bucket-shops", which insist on margins being paid, are far less hurtful to the community than brokers who take on speculative accounts without any security. Mr. Thomas Lawson of Boston is right: "the system" of speculation is the curse of the age. Despite of a wonderful increase in traffic receipts for the first quarter of the year Grand Trunk Ordinary only rose 1¹/₂th: we should say that Trunk Third Preference at 71-72 were a good purchase. The fact that the Paris settlement has passed off with only one failure is something to be thankful for, as it was feared that the heavy fall in Rio Tintos, a speciality on the Bourse, from 108 to 84, would cause some trouble. After the meeting Tintos rose 1, and now stand at 86-7, it being recognised that the demand for copper must exceed the supply for some time to come. But we are not surprised that Paris has passed through the last month without signs of distress, because the French do not speculate in American rails. "Yankees" are not quoted on their Bourse, the Parisian speculator confining himself almost entirely to gold and diamond shares.

The Premier has turned out to be a truly wonderful mine, the output for last month amounting to over £150,000 of diamonds! And this from a mine that was "turned down" by all the leading diamond houses in Johannesburg and Kimberley, as well as by their experts! Mr. Cullinan, who discovered and bought this mine, was neither a mining engineer nor a frenzied financier, but, we understand, a builder by profession, so that it sometimes pays the cobbler not to stick to his last. Chillagoes and Schweppes Deferred are still our favourites for a gamble.

INSURANCE REPORTS.

LITTLE by little, as the accounts of the fire insurance companies appear, we are receiving full information of the losses involved by the fire at San Francisco. This exceptional occurrence entirely prevents the usual comparison of the year's accounts with those contained in previous reports. But in spite of this fact the accounts are naturally of more than usual interest. The Atlas Assurance Company had to pay £410,000 in San Francisco, £459,000 for other claims, and £355,000 for expenses. This resulted in a total outgo of £1,224,000, as against a premium income of £943,000, involving a loss on the year's trading of £281,000, by which amount the fire insurance fund is reduced. The financial position of the Atlas remains abundantly strong, and the directors are fully justified in maintaining the dividend at the same rate as last year.

The Law Union and Crown had to find £342,000 for San Francisco claims, with the result that the loss on the year's trading was £294,000, or 130 per cent. of the premium income as compared with a loss of 30 per cent. of the premiums shown by the Atlas. As a convenient means of maintaining a strong financial position the Law Union has partially met this trading loss of nearly £300,000 by the issue of debentures for £200,000, bearing interest at 4½ per cent. The debentures run for fifteen years, but are redeemable at the option of the company after five years at the price of £102 for each £100 of stock. The directors have done well to take this course, especially as the money raised by the debentures is invested to yield a higher rate of interest than is being paid upon them.

The State Fire Insurance Company met the situation in a different way. The San Francisco losses amounted to £223,000; the other claims and expenses of the year were £140,000, giving a total outgo of £363,000, as against a premium income of £163,000. The trading loss was therefore £200,000, or 123 per cent. of the premium income. Of this deficit £140,000 was met by a call of £2 per share. The subscribed share capital was formerly 70,000 shares of £10 each, with £1 paid up, the shares now standing in the balance-sheet at £8 each with £1 paid, the call of £2 per share being absorbed by the San Francisco account.

There will be occasion to refer to the effect on other companies when more reports have been issued. The outstanding facts of the situation are that the British fire insurance companies have, on the whole, lost heavily by their business in the United States, and that all the losses have been paid without any undue delay and without impairing the financial strength of the companies. Events have proved that the companies that fare the best, and make proportionately the largest profits for their shareholders, are those which are content to limit their business to this country and to the best class of risks. Several offices working on these lines have been absorbed in recent years; among them the Hand-in-Hand, the Westminster, the County, and now the Law Fire. These amalgamations offer the opportunity for the formation of new companies which at the present time have a good chance of meeting with success. It is not long since the Central, working on non-tariff and somewhat original lines, proved how successful a new company could be. This too has met with the normal fate and has been absorbed. There are, however, others to take its place; one, of which more is likely to be heard before long, being the British General. This company's account for its third year has just been published and shows a very low claim ratio and a quite moderate expenditure when we consider

the inevitable cost of establishing a new business. The net premium income exceeds £9,000, which is evidence of caution rather than of lack of enterprise. A substantial increase in share capital is talked of, and this is sure to be readily subscribed for, and will enable the company to build successfully on the foundations already laid. Since the British General undertakes workmen's compensation and other accident business it is a practical necessity, in these days of big companies, that its funds should be increased.

THE WHEELMAN IN THE STREET.

THE London streets seem simply to bristle with danger to the walkers who shuffle in sheep-like batches, guarded to shelters by the strong arm of the law; to all vehicles that roll on wheels, except the steel-clad, wound-proof traction-engine. Country cousins stand watching the crossways; then three may make a dash while two bolt back. That night papa rails at the motor-omnibus and descants on their marvellous escape. Meanwhile the paper-boys dash through the traffic with acrobatic skilfulness, and when we look for one of them among spokes and horse-shoes we see him reappear many yards ahead, to plunge again into another mêlée and vanish with his heavy bag of "specials" at the far end of the long thoroughfare. Compiled statistics are not altogether reassuring to intending wayfarers. More than 150 persons are killed outright in London streets every year, and of the wounded we may reckon up over 9,000. So we are on a sort of battlefield every day, yet mostly die in bed when all is done.

In actual fact the streets are tolerably safe. Compared with the rider across country, or even with the "fare" inside a rashly-driven hansom, the cyclist sails in safety. But it depends how he rides. A man who would rush along as the poor newsboys do had better make his will or see a brain doctor. A girl who gets frightened at the noise of wheels and flurried at the moving mass around her had better stay at home or stick to Tubes. Yet nothing at all exceptional is needed. The rider must have control of his machine and must be able to look back over his shoulder, for nearly half the danger lies behind. Indeed he should never make a sudden swerve without a quick glance round, if there are things about, and he should not forget the possible cyclist who may be wheeling silently behind him, and who should be warned of intended deflections by a slight signal of the hand or bell. Of course the man behind would be in the wrong; no one should ride close up behind a stranger without a gentle noting of his presence. But people do, and we must take the traffic as we find it; the bicyclist must ride as though he were a hare, pursued by all and trusting only to agility for safety. For his machine cannot retaliate; most vehicles can injure anything which runs into them; the cyclist cannot even scratch the paint. And, as amidst all great numbers there are unprincipled people, he must contrive to keep away from reckless drivers; it should be very difficult to run him down.

The danger which is hardest to avoid is probably side-slipping. There are few days on which the streets are free from mud and water. Thick mud and tram-lines, or, worst of all, a combination of the two, are things most to be dreaded. Side-slip in itself is no great peril. It is the slip in front of a moving carriage that must be feared, since on a soapy road it may not check in time. But the careful rider should seldom, or never, be exposed to this; he should not try to swerve on a bad patch, and if he keeps straight on he will seldom skid, unless he come upon a stretch of chemical slime, as lately was our fate one night on the City asphalt, when the bicycle squirmed like a captured eel. Moreover, whenever the roads are greasy, he should not ride in front of the fast traffic. There is no need, for in the greatest crushes all go snail-pace; he had best lead his wheel; while, in the busiest streets, vehicles go in groups, and there are always spacious intervals between them. The cyclist should follow in the wake of one of these, and, if he pick his way, he can always do so.

He should beware of the traffic "lanes" which are always opening, and which sometimes close; he should,

in fact, keep to the pace prevailing, and must not try to pass a vehicle without the certainty of having room enough in front of it. On the open road nothing will pass him but the motor-car; in the crowded streets all kinds of things take lead. He must keep watch on the motor-omnibus, as it sometimes slides, and then he must be prepared to get out of the way, and even to jump off on to the pavement, with or without his bicycle in hand; but this is an unlikely accident. Hansoms are dangerous from their habit of turning, and if a sudden whistle is heard he should prepare to receive cabs from all directions. Railway and parcel vans have a knack of charging quite in a heavy cavalry sort of manner, and the great traction-engines may scare passing horses which will not turn their ears to any motor-car. When hard pressed it is safest to get off and lead the bicycle. A look-out must be kept for the masked dangers; for anything, say a tradesman's tricycle, which may be coming, half-concealed, behind or on the further side of the nearest vehicles. There may be a sudden crowd of carriages together, and though one motor may have just rushed by, there is no reason why a second or third should not be following at high speed immediately behind it.

The rider who would go fast should not have a companion by his side. Quick running in traffic streets is always dangerous; he must be ready to sway aside with bird-like swiftness, and this he can never do, having another bicycle to think about. At high speed no one can stop instantly, although both hands may be upon the brakes; he will avoid things most by dodging them. The side streets and the crossways must be held in mind. The rider must never assume for certain that every vehicle will enter the main thoroughfare; some may intend to travel right across it. Should anything come unexpectedly out of a byway, or turn abruptly off into a side alley, the rider, if he doubts crossing its bows, should himself also swerve in the same direction. He can turn back again and resume his journey, but it is better to be delayed than to incur the risk of a grave accident. The number of these precautions may sound troublesome and excessive, but they come naturally to the practised hand; and although easily avoided, the perils of crowded places are thick. Children and dogs at play; women, whose heads seem parrot-like, set on the reverse way; deaf people, rash people, and, worst of all, silly people who will not even look along the road, are met with often, and must be prepared for. The saving and joy of speed must be experienced to be justly valued; but in street cycling, more than in most things, let all remember that it is the pace that kills.

FANTASY IN DISTRESS.

TO Mr. W. J. Locke, whose new play, "The Palace of Puck", was produced last Tuesday at the Haymarket, my heart goes out in a gush of pity. Not that his play is unworthy of him; nor that it was received unkindly. It is (in itself) a most delightful thing. Also, the whole audience, throughout, seemed to be in raptures. Nevertheless, I was glad I was not Mr. Locke. Rapturously summoned to show himself, he bowed in a modest, deprecating way to the mimes on either side of him, and made a modest, deprecating gesture to the audience, thus trying to convey to it that really *he* had had very little to do with what it had just been enjoying so much—that what *he* had conceived and shaped was something totally different from what the mimes had made of it. His deportment was as urbane as could be; but inwardly, I wager, he was raging at the public's obtuseness in not having broken up the benches and asked for its money back. One little hope, perhaps, he clung to: surely the critics, men of trained judgment, versed in all the minutæ not less of the art of acting than of dramaturgic art, had perceived and would in due course proclaim the true state of affairs. Ah, broken reeds! "It would be affectation to pretend that the author is not indebted to a considerable extent to his interpreters." This exquisite phrase, culled from one of last Wednesday's newspapers, is typical of what the reputed experts

came out with. I suppose I shall be thought awfully affected when I declare that only to Mr. Esmond, among the four principal "interpreters", does Mr. Locke owe anything at all and that, on the other hand, Mr. Frederick Kerr, Miss Marion Terry, and Miss Miriam Clements do urgently owe him something: a handsome apology, backed by a petition to Mr. Harrison to release them from their contracts and substitute for them people who can enter a little into the spirit of the play.

The play's genesis was evidently in a vision that once came to Mr. Locke—and what young artist has not been visited by the vision?—of some green French valley in which painters, poets, musicians, and grisettes dwell together under the roof of an enlightened patron, talking art and love, to an accompaniment of popping champagne corks. And what fun it would be, mused Mr. Locke, if there strayed into this earthly paradise a middle-aged husband and wife from one of the suburbs of London! A play might be made from that contrast. Not a play of fun merely: plenty of scope for sentiment: the prosaic couple gradually yielding to the magic of the place, each falling in love with one of the beautiful residents, and thus recapturing the secret which they, too, had once possessed, and finally falling with rapture into each other's arms. Fantastic? Of course. And Mr. Locke was careful not to break his butterfly—careful to keep it fluttering in the air, and not to guide its poor little feet along the pavement. He took good care that Mr. and Mrs. Podmore should be symbols, not persons, and wafted them from Stoke-Tootington, a place not on the map. If they were presented as definite persons, and not as exaggerated types of suburban life, then the story of them would be merely a commonplace stagey perversion of probabilities; and the earthly paradise, their background, brought through them to the test of actuality, would be shorn of all its charm for us. Mr. Podmore must talk as no man ever talked: he must "disapprove" of everything, however harmless; he must have become narrower, pettier, stupider than any man ever was. He must, also, not look real. Mutton-chop whiskers are no longer worn, but they still thrive as a symbol (and as an inspiration to the soul of Mr. Frank Richardson); and I am sure Mr. Locke would have liked Mr. Podmore to wear them, and had even decided on the colour—mouse colour. Within five minutes of his introduction to Mr. Kerr, he must, however, have perceived that here was a man with whom the subject of whiskers could not be broached. And I daresay the rehearsals had not gone very far before Mr. Locke perceived that here was a man who, without being born again, could never enter into the spirit in which Mr. Podmore needs to be played. Mr. Kerr stands, as it were, firmly rooted on the steps of Boodle's, and doggedly refuses to budge from his accustomed pitch one inch in the direction of Stoke-Tootington. His clothes, his gait, his voice, everything about him, is as inexorably Boodleian as it has ever been. Even when, in the last act, he appears in fancy dress, he is far from cutting the ridiculous figure that Mr. Locke must have fondly conceived. Mr. Podmore suddenly transformed into the semblance of a beau of the eighteenth century! Mr. Locke must have laughed in anticipative sympathy with the roars of laughter that would hail that situation. As it was, Mr. Kerr forfeited no tittle of his dignity, the audience respectfully admiring his easy, natural demeanour: the clock had been put back more than a century, but St. James's Street is not recent: Mr. Kerr was still himself. Quietly, authoritatively, from first to last, he walked through, never for one instant demeaning himself by lightly hinting to the audience that the part assigned to him was but the incarnation of a comic abstraction. Had he been playing in realistic comedy, he could not have more steadily refused to "play for the laugh". When Mr. Locke caused Mr. Podmore to find his daughter embracing an art-student, and to cry "What is the meaning of this?" he intended, of course, that all the horror of outraged Stoke-Tootington should be expressed in that cry, in those upraised hands. Mr. Kerr does not raise his voice, does not even take his hand out of his trouser-pocket, simply walks across the stage uttering the words in a stolid undertone. Even in real life a father would not be

quite so phlegmatic. But it is obviously at realism that Mr. Kerr aims, here as throughout the play. "Hang it all, no! I *won't* make an ass of myself!" seems to be his motto. An admirable motto to live up to—except when one has undertaken to play an essentially ridiculous part in a fantastic entertainment. Mr. Kerr should not accept such parts. It is unfair to the author.

Mr. Podmore's wife is a good deal less ridiculous than he; and thus Miss Marion Terry's performance is a good deal less inept than Mr. Kerr's. But the main point about Mrs. Podmore is that she, like her husband, is a symbol of middle-aged suburbanism rejuvenated and illuminated by fresh experience. And Miss Marion Terry is from the outset as lively and picturesque and young and delicately mundane as ever I saw her; and thus the play at its turning-point stands still. Miss Miriam Clements, playing the artist's model who captivates Mr. Podmore, seems less like a mercurial siren in a fantasy than like an admirably well-behaved lady joining in a charade. She is altogether without "abandon". Partly, perhaps, this is due to deficiency in technique. One is conscious of the process by which she puts her arms akimbo, and one sees her leaving them so till it occurs to her that she ought to be doing something with her hands, and then one sees her studiously putting her hands behind her back; and so on. But I think her rather formal ways are also, to a certain extent, intentional. She wishes to remind us that the Palace of Puck is a perfectly respectable place really. And this is by no means an inartistic impulse. For the realism of Mr. Kerr and Miss Terry has already made the Palace seem to us like a real place, to be judged by standards of actuality; and we know that in real life a house conducted on such lines would very soon be raided by the police; and so we are glad to know that there will be no evidence to secure Puck's conviction in court. It is well that our sense of impending doom—so alien from Mr. Locke's intention—should thus be banished. Puck himself could not be better played than by Mr. Esmond, who has caught exactly the spirit of Mr. Locke's fantasy, and is unafraid to express it with all his might. Mr. Ben Webster, also, as the musician who fascinates Mrs. Podmore, plays in a key of extravagant romanticism which is just right. But these two cannot undo the mischief wrought by the others. It is a pity. I could have told Mr. Harrison exactly what would happen to the play as cast by him. He evidently thought that nothing would matter so long as he engaged a number of expensive and popular mimes. And, in a sense, he was right. The public is enraptured, and the critics are quite well pleased. Only—poor Mr. Locke!

MAX BEERBOHM.

PROGRAMME MUSIC.

IN an essay on Beethoven I once defined musical programmes as, "at the best, misleading footnotes to a misinterpreted text", and, after reading Dr. Niecks' learned, enthusiastic and ingenious attempt to prove that most of the best music is really programme music, I am of the same opinion as I was. This immense book, "Programme Music in the Last Four Centuries" (Novello and Co.), was a book well worth writing, for it is filled with information of many curious kinds, and it tells us incidentally a great deal about music and "musical expression". The very error on which it is founded gives it the merit of being almost a history of music in brief. And too much praise cannot be given to the care with which the actual sayings and writings of composers themselves, on their own intentions and on what they consider should be done in music, have been gathered together and set in a convenient and significant order. There is use, after all, in knowing even the mistake that an artist makes as to what he is really doing. And, not unfrequently, we get in the clear view of an artist not great enough to carry out what he saw a suggestion or even in its way a correction of some greater work, done by mere instinct of genius.

Thus, Dr. Niecks quotes an obscure eighteenth-century composer, François Dandrieu, who says of the

titles which he has put to his compositions: "I have drawn them from the character of the pieces which they denote." Could anything be more reasonable? But here is Dr. Niecks assuring us that it is "preposterous" to say "that the composer gives in his music all that is set forth in the programme, whereas in reality the music is intended only as a commentary and illustration, not as a duplicate or translation of it. Indeed, the programme would be a superfluity if it did not contain something that music is unable to express at all or equally well". But indeed the programme is a superfluity, for the reason that it can tell nothing of importance to the proper understanding of music which that music cannot say for itself, only in another language. I say "nothing of importance", for I cannot consider it to be of importance to music to be able to "reason, give orders, and tell stories", which, it seems, is to be the business of the programme. If the music attempts to express something which is detailed in the programme, and fails to give a musical rendering of what is essential in it, then programme and music will be alike useless, for the music which can be outdone by words is bad music; whereas if the music does render the essence of that which the programme states in words, of what use is the addition of verbal details, which at the best will distract and at the worst bewilder? It is perfectly true that music cannot "reason, give orders, and tell stories". Well, the business of music is to do none of these things, but, as Schopenhauer has said, "to speak the highest wisdom in a language the reason does not understand". When Dr. Niecks professes to consider music as a mere "commentary and illustration" of what can be fully stated in words in the form of a programme, and when he finds in Beethoven "the chief founder and greatest cultivator of programme music", and even in Bach "a clandestine cultivator of programme music", it is evident that he fails to realise the whole of that fundamental difference which separates the "jumping frogs and buzzing midges" of Handel from the fact that Beethoven, when he was writing the adagio of the string quartet in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, "thought of Romeo and Juliet in the tomb scene".

That thoughts or recollections which were in Beethoven's mind at a given moment should turn, through some unknown crucible of the brain, into some part of the constituents of a piece of music, is in the nature of things; and it will not make the slightest difference to the quality of the music if we associate with it the death-scene of Romeo and Juliet or if we do not. If Beethoven cares to pass on to us the hint which came to him, and which would have been worthless to anyone but to him, we may possibly, if we are very dull, listen to this music with a sympathy perhaps a little more intelligent. But what we have always to remember is what Wagner said so clearly in writing of Beethoven: that whatever may be the external cause which sets a mood in motion, that mood, at the moment of creative inspiration, will have already turned to music, and that which set it in motion will have been forgotten. The aim of what is in a literal sense programme music is an aim not only to perpetuate that external cause which may have set it in motion, but to trouble the mind of the hearer with, it may be, no worse tidings than that, as in a Carnival set of Couperin, it is now "the Kind Cuckoos under Yellow Dominos" who are passing; but it may be, with Dussek, that we are attending "a complete and exact delineation of the ceremony from St. James' to St. Paul's".

Where Dr. Niecks seems to be wrong is in the foundation of his theory; but in his development of it he is able to give us infinite delight and instruction. He shows us the programme already in use in the sixteenth century, and as we read him we realise that the conditions of music have not changed, and that from the beginning any musician could render the sounds of the barnyard and no one could render the thought of a man. Strauss has invented nothing but a more elaborate technique: his descending major seventh, stringing Till Eulenspiegel to the gibbet, is neither better nor worse, as idea in music, than Kuhnau's "rapid scale and some twirls" which depict "the pebble is sent by means of the sling into the forehead of the giant". Beethoven used a natural detail or two out of the note-book where

he noted sounds, and his Pastoral Symphony is none the worse for them, and none the better. The programme has always existed and has never brought music nearer to the power of human speech; if it ever succeeded in doing so, it would be to the disaster of music itself. How many lovers of music, like Dr. Niecks in this learned and enthusiastic book, filled with so much criticism absolutely just and subtle in itself, have tried to degrade music by putting it in what Gluck called its true position, as a support to poetry, or to no matter what scheme of words! That is to limit a thing almost as unbounded as sea or air, and to make it as solid as the earth. It is because the doctrine of programme music is a degradation to music that it should be protested against as a heresy.

There are certain sounds in Nature which music can, at its peril, express. Where music merely imitates, it is no higher as an art than mere imitation in poetry or painting. Realism is to music the same abandonment of privilege as to the other arts. Where music is out of its proper place is in that middle region where, as Dr. Niecks says, people reason and tell stories. Literature occupies itself with that region, and painting; though both can deal with rarer material. But it is the blessing and praise of music that it is shut out from the very possibility of communicating the non-essential things which go to the making of so much in the other arts. How much Beethoven gains, how little really he loses, in his rendering of what is elemental in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus"! Dr. Niecks would call that overture programme music, but there is no "commentary or illustration" in it; it is a creation over again, on no more than a hint from Shakespeare, and on a level with him.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

DROGHEDA.

THE geographical position of Drogheda in a great degree explains the importance of the part played by the town as well in the racial contentions of mediæval Ireland as in the politico-religious strife of later centuries. The wide estuary of the Boyne presents the most obvious of entrances into Ireland from the east, and thus the port of Drogheda, situate near the mouth of the most considerable of the rivers that flow eastward to the Irish Sea, was from early times the key to the most fertile pastures and the most impregnable strongholds of the interior. To the ninth-century Viking the Boyne was an easy avenue to the rich granaries and luxuriant pastures of the ancient kingdom of Meath and its adjacent territories; while the possession of a commanding point of vantage on the southern confines of Ulster gave him control of the most convenient landward approach to the wild fastnesses of the North. To complete its strategical advantages, Drogheda is separated by no more than thirty miles of level country from Dublin, the road passing through the richest wheat-bearing district in Ireland. Thus when Turgesius in the ninth century made Drogheda—the bridge of the ford—the point d'appui of his devastating activities, he not only established what proved to be a most valuable connecting link between the Danes of Dublin to the south and Carlingford to the north, but he provided a citadel which was to serve his Anglo-Norman successors for many a century as the sentinel of English power on the frontiers of Ulster. For the territory of Uriel, which embraced the modern county of Louth, though now included in the province of Leinster, was anciently a part of the Ulster kingdom, a connexion which is still maintained in the ecclesiastical sphere by the inclusion of Louth in the archiepiscopal province of Armagh. Thus happily placed within easy reach of the capital both by land and by water, Drogheda was utilised during the Plantagenet and Tudor periods as a military outpost of the first consequence, alternately serving, according to the ebb or flow of English power, as a bulwark for the defence of the Pale, or as a base for offensive operations against the northern septs, which was its main use in the earlier period of English rule in Ireland. Later when Ulster fell back into undisputed Irish control, and the Boyne became the northern boundary of the limits of English authority,

Drogheda was utilised as a buttress against the incursions of the O'Neills.

As with most Irish towns, so with Drogheda, the municipal history of the borough begins with the coming of the Norman. To Hugo De Lacy, the first Viceroy of Ireland, who had received from his sovereign the splendid grant of the opulent territories of Meath, the strategical value of the place was at once apparent, and by him was built the first of two castles of Drogheda and Blackagh which long guarded the defences of the town on either side the Boyne. A generation later the castles of Drogheda were excepted from the confirmation of the Palatine grants of Meath to De Lacy's successors, and thenceforward were held by the Crown as royal fortresses under the charge of separate constables. Hence arose a curious administrative feature which, among Irish towns at least, is peculiar to Drogheda. The two castles became the respective seats of independent municipalities. Modern Drogheda sits astride the Boyne, forming an homogeneous town of which the larger portion lies on the north bank of the river. But it is not difficult to trace to-day the indications of that independent existence of its northern and southern sections which was dignified in the Plantagenet days by two charters separately granted to "the mayor and citizens of Drogheda on the side of Louth" and to "the seneschal and burgesses of Drogheda on the side of Meath". The city and borough of Drogheda remained separate municipal entities down to the reign of Henry IV., and it was not until 1412, after many and sometimes sanguinary quarrels, that a sermon by an eloquent Dominican monk having persuaded the inhabitants "how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in amity", the two jurisdictions were amalgamated, and the county of the town of Drogheda was created by charter. The municipality thus constituted long preserved an honourable pre-eminence among the cities and boroughs of Ireland. The common form of the preliminaries to all fresh legislation in the Plantagenet and Tudor Parliaments bracketed Drogheda with Dublin, Waterford and Limerick in the list of cities whose liberties the sovereign undertook to respect; and the mayors of the town appear even to have asserted a civic superiority over and above the chief magistrate of the capital. Edward IV., in recognition of the services rendered by the citizens in expeditions against the O'Reillys of Cavan, granted to the Mayor the right to wear a sword as the Mayor of London did, and as late as 1552 in a contest for precedence which had arisen between the Mayors of Dublin and Drogheda when taking the field in the Queen's service, it was adjudged that the latter should have pride of place on the homeward march.

Of the numerous stately churches which the mediæval town could boast many have long been a prey to dumb forgetfulness; and all trace of them has vanished. Of others the cannonade of Cromwell and the torches of his soldiers have left only the scantiest remnant. Of the Priory of S. John the Baptist, founded by the knights of S. John, in which King John is reputed to have held a council, scarcely a stone remains; and of a spacious Dominican friary, large enough to accommodate the train of a monarch and permit the assembling of a parliament, only the gaunt fragment called the Magdalen Steeple survives. Yet here it was that Richard II. in the first of his Irish expeditions received the submissions of the "four Irish kings", whose inability to adapt themselves to the usages of a Norman Court is so quaintly described by Froissart. But in late Plantagenet times these buildings, with the Abbey of S. Mary's, whose central tower still presides over some squalid ruins in the dirtiest portion of the modern town, were only a few among many ecclesiastical foundations which easily explain the selection of Drogheda by Edward IV. as the seat of a mediæval university "with like manner of liberties, privileges and laudable customs" to those enjoyed by the University of Oxford. Nowadays, unfortunately, only the imposing structure of S. Laurence's gate still stands in its entirety to help us to an impression of the appearance of the walled mediæval town.

But it is not its early military consequence, nor the splendour of its vanished architecture, nor the stark

memories of Cromwell's inhuman massacre, that constitutes Drogheda's chiefest title to eminence in the roll of Irish towns. Among its most memorable historical associations are those which connect it with the early parliamentary history of Ireland. Not only was Drogheda among the earliest boroughs to return burgesses to Parliament, but it was, alike in Plantagenet and Tudor times, the frequent and favourite meeting place of the Irish legislature. It was here that the early Plantagenet sovereigns held more than one important council, and it was here that under Henry VI., Richard Duke of York held, in 1450, as Viceroy of Ireland, the second session of the first Parliament in which the existence of a House of Commons as a separate and formally constituted assembly can be traced. Here, too, the first recorded Speaker of that assembly made protestation of the privileges of the Commons of Ireland in the form familiar at Westminster. By a statute of the same reign the place of assembly of the Parliament was limited to Dublin and Drogheda, and thenceforward down to Elizabethan times the legislature was summoned to sit in Drogheda as frequently as in the capital. The celebrated Parliament called by Sir Henry Poynings, which settled the constitutional system of Ireland on a footing which substantially remained unaltered for three centuries, was held in the Dominican Abbey; and it was not until as late as 1585 that the town on the Boyne ceased to be resorted to as the seat of the legislature, "by reason of the inability of that town to bear the train of a Parliament." Never since has Drogheda come so near as it seems to have done in those Tudor days to the fulfilment of the prophecy in Holinshed's Chronicle that "Ross was, Dublin is, Drogheda shall be the best of the three".

THE RIVER OF PLEASURE.

"SWEET Thames, run softly till I end my song"—in the dreams of some of us Thames will be always softly running until something more than dreams and songs is ended. Not the least of Oxford's gifts to her sons is that she brings them when wits run fresh and clear to that city of quiet waters and makes "the river" their most honourable playground. The river anyhow is good even if it only means an endless procession of tubbing and training, of eights and fours, but more intimate and enduring joys are to be found in intercalated days along the many vagrant streams of that soft midland country. How many Oxford men, familiar enough with the Seven Bridges Road, have even seen these bridges from the water; or if the whole of that navigation involves too much of Oxford town, backstairs and blowsy, how many have even explored the branch which takes off from Hagley Pool and by Witham and Hinksey eventually rejoins the main channel at the Kennington railway bridge? Even putting aside these more outrageous manifestations of the passion of the true scholar of the river, you can take a canoe by the early morning train to Lechlade and paddle down to Port Meadow, arriving in the dark perhaps (you miss the best if you don't) but still early enough to avoid trouble with the dons. From Lechlade it is indeed a beaten track, less bepicked perhaps than the upper Cher since the growth of North Oxford, but more rare adventure is to run a canoe down the swift Windrush from Witney Station or to push up the little Evenlode into Blenheim Park. Ah to be the scholar-gypsy again in that fair country of his, of which the river is the imperishable core! Godstow, Bablock-hythe, Eynsham, the names rise easily to the lips; amid their meadows the same stream flows for us as for the scholar-gypsy, as for the primitive man who came to worship at the Stanton Ring hard by; smooth-slipping, unaging, eternal, fraught with the old pagan burden of regret—"And I not there, and I not there."

Essentially the Thames is a friendly companion; other rivers have mightier aspects, more grandiose vistas; there are none of the flanking crags and scars, none of the rocks and rapids, which make the glory of the Wye or the Dart; here you row by winding ways, the soft warm hills lie back and the stream washes the grassy

margins of the tranquil meadows instead of being tucked away at the bottom of a deep ditch carved by the winter floods. A companion of moods indeed, but if you belong to the true friends, content with the dull times and the tired and the cross times as long as you are with her, she will prove goddess and unveil her divinity at times. It may be some roaring autumn afternoon when the sky is barred by low grey clouds, when the willows toss up their silvery undersides and shake off a quivering handful of yellow leaves into the stream below, when the drifting smoke from the weed fires and the flying gold of the hedgerow elms and the wheeling flock of rooks and starlings all sing of the wind. Or it may be one of those days of the earliest spring, when the river, brimming with the winter rains, hurries past in eddies of thin translucent green, like a pale troubled beryl, when the grey willow branches that quiver in the current show a faint spray of green and the note is caught up in the distant hedgerows and the long meadows over which the plovers circle and call—a timid virginal goddess. Anyone can appreciate a June day on the river; the sheets of may-blossom imaged in the smooth waters, the scent of the beanfields drifting across the gay expanse of moon-daisies, sorrel and buttercups, but these other visions are for the elect.

"He is made one with Nature, there is heard
His voice in all her music",

and in the long procession of our English poetry many have given of their best to the Thames. Spenser's "Prothalamion" may stand for the Elizabethans, since Drayton's "Polyolbion" is little more than a versified gazetteer. Gray's ode may come next in time, though we should take the author of "Ionica" as the real singer of the Eton river. Shelley's "Lechlade" verses are uncharacteristic, but Wordsworth's "Westminster Bridge" sonnet catches the very note of the great imperial stream. As for Matthew Arnold, every turn of the upper river brings some line to the lips and successive generations of Oxford men will learn from him the lingering fragrant beauty of that haunt beloved. By the still higher reaches lived William Morris—

"This little stream whose hamlets scarce have names,
This far-off, lonely mother of the Thames."

Lower down Streatley and its downs are sacred to Robert Bridges, and many a minor poet has caught one of his happiest glimpses of the Muse by Thames-side. The Thames divides itself pretty clearly into three sections, and though the greater glories all lie on the main highway that runs from Oxford to Richmond, it is to the remote valley above Oxford, wide, grassy, solitary, that the true lover turns most often in his dreams. There are neither the noble hanging woods of Cliveden or Nuneham or Streatley, nor the ordered pomp of Windsor, still less the trimness and gaiety of Maidenhead and Richmond. Yet for all that—

"There my love abideth.
Sleep's no softer, it proceeds
On through lawns, on through meads.
Though the niggard pasturage
Bears not on its shaven ledge
Aught but weeds and waving grasses
To view the river as it passes."

Of the show parts of the river we always give the palm to the reach from Cleve Lock to Pangbourne; it is not too suburbanised and the noble sweep of the chalk hills behind lends space and dignity to the scene.

The tidal Thames from Richmond down has its own beauty, built up of moving lights and drifting smoke, the gracious lines of hulls and cordage, the hints of far countries and distant commerce; and thanks to successive generations of artists our eyes have been opened to some of these delights of the city's great highway, though the wider reaches below with their "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea", the Lower Hope and the Blythe Sands, for example, are less familiar.

It is these aspects of the river which most appeal to

Mr. T. R. Way, whose charming series of thirty-one lithographs drawn between Chelsea and the Nore has lately been published by Mr. John Lane.* The growth of so many cheaper photographic processes bids fair to restore lithography to the domain of art, and now that it is no longer vulgarised in every advertisement we can begin again to enjoy the freedom and quality of the lines from the stone. Probably Mr. Way owes much to Whistler, not only in his choice of a medium, but in the way he enjoys the heterogeneous tumble of riverside constructions, the warehouses and piers and bridges, the clumsy barges and the straining tugs, all vivified by the play of light and the moving wind and water. Many of Mr. Way's lithographs are such as we usually associate with the process—pearly grey drawings which render well one of the characteristic London atmospheres, luminous yet colourless, clear yet faintly veiled in the distances.

His plates of Westminster, London Bridge and Southwark Cathedral, and of Greenwich Hospital are beautiful examples of pure lithography, sure in drawing and refined in line, the water and the sky both alive. But in some of the other drawings Mr. Way aims at a wider range of light and shade and gets from his stone the rich velvety blacks of a mezzotint; his "Lower Pool" is perhaps too reminiscent, and in "Waterloo Bridge" he has imitated to no good end the texture of a water-colour, but the "Charing Cross Railway Bridge", the "Woolwich", the "Estuary near Leigh" are rather revelations to us of the dignity and power lithography can attain. And "S. Paul's under Snow from Bankside", with its black dead atmosphere, is a real vision, seen and recorded once and for all. Of the lithographs in colours, experiments in dusky shadows and wavering lights over the dark water, two seem to us entirely successful—the "between lights" drawings of Westminster and Southwark Bridges—the others hardly emerge from the domain, so dangerously near, of the vaguely pretty.

Of Mr. W. G. Bell's text, with which Mr. Way's drawings are bound up, the less said the better; the style is pedestrian and at times mildly pretentious; to know, even to enjoy, does not confer the power to write. Of course it is a hopeless task, this descriptive commentary on a set itinerary; only a great writer, compact of odd lore but wearing it lightly, can achieve the ideal guide-book. The task has certainly not been accomplished by the unspecified author (we wonder who was ashamed—the author of his book or Messrs. Cassell of their author) of "The Thames and its Story from the Cotswolds to the Nore".† This indeed is plain guide-book, setting out in due order those curious scraps of local history, notable objects, architectural monuments and epitaphs, about which the travelling Englishman is supposed to want information. The numerous photographs are well selected and clearly printed, the maps are perhaps rather skimpy, but the letterpress will enable the ordinary summer tourist to label all the big houses he passes and to mark off all the big men who lived in them. We miss a reference to Ewelme, which though it is no more on the river than Dorchester is equally fascinating for its architecture, its associations, and the brimming water-cress-laden spring along which you walk to it from Bensington. The Oxford section is the best in the book, for it is written with real understanding and sympathy for the growth both of town and university. Such plain tales we suppose must be, and Messrs. Cassell's is a creditable specimen of its kind, but why in these days of dainty editions and pretty gift-books cannot someone give us a Thames-side anthology? There is plenty of material as we have already indicated, and we want something not too frail for the pocket of a boating jacket or an occasional splash from the oar, something that he can give to her to recall that day by the loose-strife and the meadow-sweet, "When life ran gaily like the sparkling Thames."

* "The Thames from Chelsea to the Nore." Drawn in lithography by Thomas R. Way, with descriptive Text by Walter G. Bell. London: Lane. 1907. 42s. net.

† London: Cassell. 1906. 6s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRISTIANITY IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Palais Tony Pin, Cimiez, Nice,

16 March, 1907.

SIR,—Since the consummation of the great spoliation of the Separation Law the utterances of M. Briand, in the Chambers and in the press, have been overflowing with the milk of Jacobin human kindness towards the victims. But if any proof be needed of the malevolent intentions of the Government, we find it in the promptitude with which it has brought to naught the negotiations regarding the leasing of their churches to the Catholics, as necessitated by the new Separation Law of January 1907. The great majority of the mayors were quite willing to accept the contract proposed by the episcopacy. Seeing this, the Government immediately insisted on inserting two unacceptable conditions:—

1. No foreigner and no secularised member of the suppressed religious Congregations could be appointed curé, a measure which will soon become necessary owing to the dispersion of the seminaries.
2. The curé must assume the charge of all repairs, great and small.

Now it is monstrous that under a régime of Separation the State should presume to intervene in the nomination of curés, and that despoiled proprietors should be expected to keep buildings in repair, often at great cost, which can be taken from them at any moment for any one of the five causes specified in the Law of Separation.

Moreover, municipal law authorises the mayor to lease any communal building for a term not exceeding eighteen years. Therefore the Government is encroaching again on the liberty of the communes. "We are their tutors" said M. Briand recently in the Chambers.

There are to be municipal elections this year, and M. Briand will now no doubt make his peace with the electors and their mayors by botching a new Separation Law that will procure a reprieve and cause silence to descend on the ruin accomplished during the last five years.

Meanwhile the French Government has established a dangerous and immoral precedent by the repudiation of a national debt of honour, and the violation of a diplomatic convention as well as of liberty and property rights. Nations may look on supinely, approvingly even; but evil begets evil, and they will find that when dragon's teeth are sown someone must reap.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century all Europe was sunk more or less in a lethargy of licentious infidelity, and beheld unmoved the first partition of Poland, 1773. Ere long the armies of the Revolution and its heir-at-law Napoleon marched all over Europe, plundering on a large scale. Nothing came amiss. The art treasures of Italy were rifled, municipal strong boxes were appropriated to replenish the empty coffers of the Directory wallowing in licentious luxury at Paris, and whole kingdoms were annexed to the First Republic.

Those precedents were not lost. Never perhaps have there been more wars of spoliation than in the nineteenth century. But an avenging Nemesis often does the steps of the victors. Not long since M. Clémenceau said in the Chambers "I await the judgment of God with tranquillity." We can all afford to do likewise.

J. NAPIER BRODHEAD.

THE VILLAGE CROSS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 April, 1907.

SIR,—Is not your reviewer romancing a little when he calls Helena, the mother of Constantine, "a woman

of British birth"? As a lover of that untracked period, no one would be more pleased than myself to claim Helena for our island. But in spite of the tradition historical truth forbids. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" says: "Of her nationality nothing certain is known"; and "La Grande Encyclopédie" "Mère de Constantine le Grand, née vers 247, suivant les uns à Edesse ou dans une petite ville de Mésopotamie, suivant d'autres en Bithynie ou à Naissus sur le Danube". There is no doubt she was an innkeeper's daughter, and perhaps the greatest patroness of early Christianity the world knew. In all probability she also visited Britain and remained here for a considerable period. But as to her parentage, doubt there has ever been, the better authority holding she was not Briton born.

Yours &c.,
SAMPSON WATERS.

FORTES VIXERUNT—"THE FORTIETH FOOT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paignton, 2 April, 1907.

SIR,—It is always pleasant to be able to recognise a graceful act: doubly so when the act is the result of even more graceful provocation. So when we read that, in response to an invitation of the "40^{me} du ligne", the band of our own "40th Foot" was to be allowed to cross the narrow seas, and discourse of its sweetness at the forthcoming Charity Fête at Lille, we were naturally pleased. But we rubbed our eyes all the same, and read again. Yes, sure enough it was there, War Office sanction and all, the "40th Foot". Vive l'Entente cordiale! that, at a stroke, "one touch of Nature", effects a reconciliation which it has been the principle of years to frustrate.

My memory may be at fault, but one seems to have a dim recollection of some strange orgies that befel in the year 1881 when, at the bidding of certain military quid-nuncs in the shadow of a highly enlightened S.S.W., our regimental numbers were pronounced anathema, and there followed a general substitution of titular and more or less incongruous designations whereby we were in future to be known. Our old buttons were taken from us; the distinctive pattern of our lace was changed to one of universal design; to the "union locket" of the sword-belt succeeded a new-fangled and, in many cases, clumsy attachment; our facings were remodelled on most original lines. In fact, and not to go beyond the tailoring aspect of the matter, there was an all-round upset of time-honoured and cherished ideas of a gratuitous and wanton order. Openly, of course, nothing was, nothing could be said by those most immediately concerned; but behind the scenes many a quaint drama was playing. One regiment at least attended its own obsequies in effigy; another is reputed to have buried its colours for the occasion; others, again, sought consolation in trite saying and epigram, as

"In token of our new estate
Strike we the bold medallion,
Who went to roost old '38'
Rose 'Staffords, 1st Battalion'.

"But whisper, and the secret keep,
We parted from ourselves in sleep!"

Or in epitaph, as of the 92nd,

"No deid yet."

Feeling obviously ran high, and not the less so that it was of necessity corked up. In due course the deed was done, and we were expected to acquiesce in it. But custom dies hard. No language is mastered until we find ourselves thinking in it, and we were (some of us still are) very far from thinking in the new jargon which invariably required translation into the original before it conveyed any understanding. The numbers died, however; the quidnuncs chortled; it was now

even a prime offence to name a numeral; nor shall we soon forget the snub administered to the lad who, arriving to join his new battalion in the field, reported himself to the Brigade Major for orders and unfortunately mentioned the regiment he was in search of by its number.

"There isn't such a corps, in the Soudan at least; but if you want the — — —, there they are."

However, our polite neighbours, if by their courtesy they have inadvertently revived a controversy, have also demonstrated an absurdity. What more natural than for the officers of the 40th French to remember the 40th English? They have met before on several occasions; whereas the "South Lancashire, Prince of Wales' Volunteers" are strangers. The odd thing is that the British War Office should now discover that "there is such a corps" after all; and that a Frenchman is entitled not merely to name but to entertain it.

Vive l'Entente! Vixerunt Fortes ante Agamemnona. The French at least have not forgotten them.

M. B.

THE COURSE OF BRITISH TRADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, W., 3 April, 1907.

SIR,—Mr. Holt Schooling's letter and postscript curiously reflect the state of mind in which that gentleman approaches the fiscal question. If he would but recognise that his critics, and even opponents, are not all fools; that their arguments are not all to be met with undisguised contempt and open hostility; that they may be moved with the spirit of genuine good faith to the cause of the future of our imperial relations, he would be much more effective in his propaganda. It must be admitted that the best use which fiscal reformers can make of the present is to educate the country. To do this effectually, and in order that at the next election a majority of the electorate may pronounce in favour of a change in our fiscal policy, I believe it is of the first importance that we shall not further antagonise our opponents by overstating our case, and that we should be willing even to take note of the sound objections which may be raised to the policy by judiciously trimming our scheme to meet those objections. To suggest that Mr. Schooling has not stated the case satisfactorily may prove distasteful to him—I am sorry to hurt the feelings of so ardent a champion—but may in the end be most fruitful of good to the cause.

Mr. Schooling's replies to the objections which I raised to his first letter strike me as captious. He must have known when I said that imports for consumption in the United Kingdom should alone be regarded as competing with British manufactures I was stating the simplest and most obvious of truisms. His object was—as I understood it—to show that the excess of exports of manufactures from the United Kingdom has been, on the whole, declining during the past twenty-five years. I pointed out that he had omitted to take account of the re-export trade. He immediately rebukes me for insisting on so simple a truth by pointing out that re-exports also compete with British goods. Undoubtedly this is the case; but this answer entirely shifts the argument into another direction. He does not now wish to show that the net export surplus of manufactures is declining, but that the export surpluses of manufactures of other nations are increasing. If this be his argument, then I suggest that he would have to take into account the total exports of manufactures from these countries, and not confine himself to that small and rapidly diminishing fraction of their "manufactured" exports which is shipped via the United Kingdom.

Mr. Schooling after a night of meditation has apparently thought better of this line of argument, for in his postscript written the next day he concedes this point by revising his tables in the direction suggested. Mr. Schooling will pardon me, I hope, for suggesting that

the method he appears to have adopted for interpolating the proportions of manufactures to total re-exports in the period 1880-1890 is not free from theoretical objection. The logarithmic method which he appears, quite unnecessarily, to have employed assumes that because this proportion was 17·8 per cent. in 1880 and 17·5 per cent. in 1890, the proportion at intermediate years could be calculated by assuming that the annual geometric rate of decline was constant. Adopting the same method it may be shown that since manufactures amounted to 18·6 per cent. of total imports in 1880 and 21·4 per cent. in 1890, the imports of manufactures in 1885 should be 20·0 per cent. of the total in that year. This gives for the imports in 1885 the value £74,200,000 instead of £77,500,000 actually recorded, an error of £3,300,000 in that year due to the inaccuracy of Mr. Schooling's method.

I agree however that, short of going through the annual trade returns item by item, Mr. Schooling's method gives a sufficient approximation to the truth, and that his new tables are infinitely better than his first. They show, what I had suggested, that in his first tables he had overstated the decline by more than £4,000,000.

Mr. Schooling complains I made no reference to his statement that the imports during 1891-1906 included an average £16,000,000 worth of goods subsequently re-exported. My point was, of course, not that he was unaware of this fact but that he had tacitly assumed that the changes in this quantity during the period under review would not affect his argument. His re-examination of the question proves that they do.

Again, Mr. Schooling deliberately misunderstands my reference to the exclusion of ships. I said that if he would refer to Lloyd's annual returns for the past twenty-five years or so he would find reason for believing that the annual value of British ships exported has increased by several millions per annum. I had in mind, of course, the increase in construction on foreign account which those returns show. I confess when I made this suggestion I had forgotten that the cost of construction of ships has fallen very considerably in recent years; and that in consequence the increased tonnage of ships exported just balanced the fall in price, causing the average value throughout the last twenty years to have remained fairly constant.

It would take me too far to discuss Mr. Schooling's views on "invisible" exports. I will content myself with explaining that my reference to increased shipping meant only that in this industry as well as in the ship-building industry a large increase in the number of Britishers employed had taken place. These may have been drawn from the manufacturing industries; in which case some part of the decline in the rate of growth of manufacture may be due to this cause, and should not be ignored.

Finally, Mr. Schooling contradicts my suggestion that the labour value of equal values of exports may now be greater than twenty-five years ago. This may or may not be true; Mr. Schooling's evidence on the question is much too thin to be accepted as final. There is authoritative evidence, however, in the Second Fiscal Blue-book (page 329) that it is the most completely finished goods which have increased at the greatest rate. Between 1880 and 1903 the exports of completely manufactured articles rose by £30,200,000 or 52½ per cent.; of manufactured articles requiring to be adapted to or combined with some other objects, by £5,000,000 or 4½ per cent.; and of partly manufactured articles there has been a decline of £1,600,000 or 6 per cent. In the face of these figures will Mr. Schooling still maintain that the labour value of an average £100 worth of manufactured exports has not increased in the past twenty-five years?

Mr. Schooling asks me to publish my name. It is not modesty only which compels me to decline this invitation. Happily this is no question of personalities, but one of facts only. I must therefore continue to subscribe myself

S. R.

REVIEWS.

THE REAL LORD CHESTERFIELD.

"Life of the Fourth Earl of Chesterfield." By W. H. Craig. London: Lane. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

LORD BEACONSFIELD observed that there are certain personages in history over whom oblivion has been encouraged to creep. Lord Shelburne is one instance; Lord Chesterfield is another. For though it is true, as Mr. Craig tells us in his "supplementary" chapter, that Lord Chesterfield "may be said to permeate the whole literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries", the permeation is allusive, and is to be found in memoirs and letters and magazine articles. Dr. Maty's "Memoir" is an old book, and is not current in these days. Lord Stanhope, Dr. Bradshaw, and Lord Carnarvon contented themselves with editing Chesterfield's writings with notes and comments; and in 1901 an edition of the Letters to his son was published with an excellent introduction by Mr. Charles Strachey. Mr. W. H. Craig's book is the first connected account of the public life of Lord Chesterfield, and the most elaborate attempt to appreciate his value as a serious statesman. To average unliterary persons Lord Chesterfield's name suggests an eighteenth-century Turveydrop, whom Dr. Johnson crushed with ridicule. They would be surprised if they were told that Lord Chesterfield was one of the leaders of the Opposition which brought down Sir Robert Walpole; that he was twice Ambassador at the Hague, when that place was the centre of European diplomacy; that he was Viceroy of Ireland; that he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and that on retiring from office he gave us the calendar by which we date our letters, thus ranking as a benefactor with Julius Cæsar and Pope Gregory. Despite of this very distinguished record, which was crowded into a space of no more than twenty years (1728 to 1748), Mr. Craig is right in pronouncing Lord Chesterfield to have been a failure. Lord Chesterfield was so far above all his contemporaries in brains and character that when we add his rank and fortune, it is almost inconceivable that he should not have succeeded Sir Robert Walpole as Prime Minister. Carteret was a drunkard, and the Duke of Newcastle a figure of fun; yet both were preferred to Chesterfield. Mr. Craig analyses Lord Chesterfield's character with the coolness, the charity, and the humour of a man of the world. We cannot do better than quote from the "Impressionist Sketch" with which he introduces his hero. "Born to the highest rank, inheriting the wealth and prestige of a distinguished line, endowed with uncommon ability, learning, eloquence, taste, and energy, such a man was bound to go far; and he *did* go far, though not in the way he wanted to; bound to succeed, and he *did* succeed, though contrary to his own aspirations. From the moment of his entrance into the arena of public life his career is a history of defeats, chequered by victories gained, as it were, in his own despite. With him the unexpected always happened; the unsought-for always arrived." While George I. was King, Lord Chesterfield attached himself to the Court of the Prince of Wales, and then neutralised any advantage he might have gained from a prudent alliance by allowing his wit to play upon the Princess of Wales. Caroline of Anspach was not the woman to forget or forgive impertinence: so that during the whole of the succeeding reign the Court was against Chesterfield. Then he attached himself to the next Prince of Wales, whose friendship was worthless, and who died before the King. "Next he managed to do a very difficult thing, namely, to make an enemy of the most good-natured and powerful statesman in England, Sir Robert Walpole, upon whose favour depended, more than in the case perhaps of any English Prime Minister who ever lived, such preferment as the Crown had to bestow. The result was inevitable. Although his high station and eminent abilities precluded his being absolutely passed over when offices were distributed, such as fell to his lot were never those which he sought for, and rarely those which he liked." Outside politics Chesterfield seemed to be pursued by the same ill-luck.

"In the world of letters he incurred the animosity of Johnson, perhaps the only man whose good word was then really worth having; though a boon companion of Swift, Pope, Gray" (sic) "and Arbuthnot, whose flattery served him less than the other's honest criticism. He sold himself in a derogatory marriage at the shrine of wealth, and never got the full price. He had no child by that marriage to succeed him, though a vagrant an'our furnished him with one that wrecked his fondest hopes. On the other hand, the Viceroyalty of Ireland, which he accepted with reluctance, and which was probably conferred upon him as a rebuff, constitutes his highest claim to the respect and admiration of his countrymen. The diatribe of Johnson, which would have crushed most men, has actually served to keep his memory green. Those Letters, written 'currente calamo' and published without revision, which he would have given almost anything to suppress, have won him a well-defined place in literature, while his dilettanti and carefully-selected works have almost sunk into oblivion. The wealth which he expected to derive from his ill-assorted marriage eluded his grasp; but a penurious and malevolent old woman, to whom he was related neither by affection, kindred, or any other tie" (Sarah Duchess of Marlborough), "left him a fortune by her will. It is one of the oddest stories on record, of frustrated effort and undesigned success, which meets us at every passage of his life. . . . So, all through his career, Lord Chesterfield may be said to have been his own worst enemy. The tact upon which he prided himself failed him at the most momentous crises of his life. The persons whom it was his interest to conciliate were the very persons whom he managed to offend; the words fraught with wisdom which he had always at his disposal for other people's affairs were messengers of folly in dealing with his own; the thought and circumspection and discrimination which he evinced in public life became want of penetration, short-sightedness, and fatuous obstinacy in the management of his private relations." This is a masterly summing-up of a complex case: the judgment is so true, not only of Chesterfield's comparative failure, but of the positive failure of so many other very clever men.

Those who wish to satisfy themselves of Mr. Craig's judicial acumen, based on knowledge of facts and sympathy with human nature, must read his story of Lord Chesterfield. As Ambassador at the Hague and as Viceroy of Ireland he was respected and loved by those with whom he had to deal. As Secretary of State he was not so successful, but that was the fault of the Duke of Newcastle and George II. It is a pity that an historical biography of such conspicuous merit as regards style of composition and sanity of judgment should contain one or two blunders of carelessness. We have already quoted the mistake of Gray for Gay, which may be a printer's error passed in the proof. On page 186 we have the following passage: "Walpole, though no longer in office, retained sufficient influence with the King to nominate the Minister who was to succeed him, and his choice lay between Pulteney and Wilmington. The former, not approving of certain conditions attached to acceptance of that post, declined it, and Wilmington was appointed, but proved unequal to the responsibility, which eventually devolved upon Carteret—more brilliant, but less wary than his predecessor, and, for the time being at least, a greater favourite with the King and Queen." In 1742, the date in question, the Queen had been dead five years. On page 207 we are told that "owing to the death of his mother, the Countess of Granville, Carteret succeeded to the family estate and became Earl Granville": on which Mr. Craig remarks, page 209, "Small advantage accrued to Earl Granville from his coronet", which is either meaningless, or supposes that Lord Carteret was a commoner. In the supplementary chapter we are told that Lord Brougham wrote an article on the Letters in the "Quarterly" and Hayward in the "Edinburgh Review". This is sheer haste. There is another point, a small one, which excites our curiosity. On one page we are told that Lord Chesterfield's house in Grosvenor Square was next to that of the Duchess of Kendal. A little further on

we learn that his house in S. James's Square was opposite to that of Sir Robert Walpole. People did not change their houses in those days as easily as they do now; and we should like to know in which square Lord Chesterfield lived, or whether he lived in both, before he built the famous mansion now inhabited by Lord Burton. We should also like to know whether the house in whose "outer rooms" Dr. Johnson waited was Chesterfield House or in Grosvenor Square or S. James's Square. We have said that Mr. Craig's style is good, although there are a few "and whiches" and the use of "emphaticalness" for emphasis. These things are all small blemishes which we hope Mr. Craig will have the opportunity of correcting in a second edition.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL REFORM.

"Christian Theology and Social Progress." Bampton Lectures for 1905. By F. W. Bussell. London: Methuen. 1907. 10s. 6d. net.

TO say that Dr. Bussell is somewhat overwhelmed by the task to which he has applied himself is no unfriendly criticism. That such will be the impression left upon the minds of most of his readers we can hardly doubt; some even of his would-be readers may be deterred from making the attempt by a style which is largely the result of the breadth of view with which the subject is handled, but which will be to ordinary readers undeniably obscure. The general aim, expressed in the eight statutory lectures, and more fully developed in the supplement, is to show the identity of interest which unites the various ideals of Christianity and democracy. The writer sets himself to prove that society in its advance towards the goal of social reform is dependent for its sanction and its vital force alike upon the teaching, the beliefs, the influence of Christian faith. He claims that not only is such apologetic a necessary function at the present time for the welfare of democracy, but indeed important for the future of the Christian religion also, if it is to maintain its hold upon the hearts and heads of men. The task is no new one—for the reason that the problem has long been before us. With much that is included in this volume we are already familiar; but there is originality of treatment which marks it as a valuable contribution on this side of thought.

We propose briefly to sketch the lines upon which the main thesis is drawn. Man's duty in the world—the nature of his being—the motive power behind his actions—his consequent relations with the State—such are some of the riddles that demand attention. In spite of arbitrary theories of different ages, man remains, individual, independent—seeking to realise himself and fearful of absorption in the unsympathetic whole, of which an earlier philosophy had taught him that he was but an unconscious part. And indeed had it been possible to limit man, to rob him of religious instinct, to convert, that is, emotions and unconscious cravings into reasoning mind, then perhaps such a solution of the duel between the State and individual might have been acceptable. Then, too, no doubt, man would have fallen into his proper place in scientific classification. Life itself might have been codified and rendered simple for the meanest intellect to comprehend.

But of all the arbitrary conceptions that this creed evoked, the law of Nature was perhaps the most complete. The age of the Enlightenment was but the climax of the school of thought that vested the ultimate sanction for all human conduct in a moral order and a moral law which were directly answerable to reason. Soon, however, against this with the French Revolution there came reaction, for the moment sweeping everything before it. Not the least instructive message of that upheaval was that man was first and foremost a creature of emotions, in whom the field that reason covered was comparatively limited. But the lesson was incompletely learned. The nineteenth century has watched the substitution of utility for the code of Nature and the gradual omission once again of all consideration of man's inner and subconscious instincts.

No longer, it is true, is Nature magnified and deified

amongst us. Her law no longer represents the perfect picture, marred by the selfishness and greed of kings and churches. Rather is it recognised as being a system of brute force and cruel competition, where survival in the fight comes only to him who is fortunate enough to trample underfoot his weaker brethren. The veil has fallen also from the State: no longer is it viewed as an edifice erected on the composite body of the moral sentiment of its members, or even upon the theoretical, idealised law of Nature. But it is an organism which has come to be concerned with little save the duty of self-preservation.

This we confess strikes us as somewhat too cynical a condemnation of our modern system. But it is the logical outcome of the doctrine of utility, when made the motive force of life. In such a process it is clear that individual rights are bound to suffer. And to some extent the explanation lies with man himself. He, by his very nature, finds himself compelled to worship somebody or something. He requires a God—a religion—an idea—a creed—a movement. Something is necessary to supply the motive of existence and of action, and to answer to the human longing that he feels. He has tried them all. Pleasure—an abstract sense of duty—a political ideal of imperial destiny—with all these there is the same result; his individualism is to some extent submerged and lost; he becomes but an insignificant atom in the greater whole to which he has surrendered himself, which in its turn will fall the victim to inevitable reaction.

At this point our author bids us follow him to Christianity and judge whether the Gospel's answer to the human soul can make a more direct and personal appeal. This is the test by which the practical relations of religion with mankind will stand or fall.

The rival claims, which we have briefly touched upon, of State and individual, universal and particular, find adjustment in the scheme of Christianity. For man is there conceived as something of intrinsic worth, with possibilities of action and of free development, but with responsibilities forbidding selfishness or carelessness of others in his way. For him duty consists of action in the dual capacity of saviour of his own soul, and fellow-worker with his Creator in the great scheme of the universe. The working-out of his own salvation cannot be undertaken by neglecting work for those with whom he comes in contact. Such work indeed is of essential value to his own true welfare, as a unit of the great society to which he and they alike belong.

The feeling, too, in man that he is privileged to take his part in work in some comprehensive scheme of which he may at present know but little represents one of the strongest forces that impel to action. And a force which operates in some degree in all religious systems is at once endowed with greater animation, greater energy, when the controller of the scheme is personal and can be known. For here is a chance of true worship—the worship of love. Love for the Creator, translating itself under many forms into love for the creature also. This love a Personal God alone inspires. Lack of this personal relation would, we imagine, effectively prevent a pantheistic system of religion from being more than speculative philosophy. Each system will require an effort of faith on the part of its adherents. Such effort will in Christianity derive assistance from the fact that it directly answers the appeal of the whole human soul and does not merely satisfy intelligence and reason.

There is no room here for pessimism—or for the abstention from the work of life on the ground that contact with the things of earth will of necessity run counter to the striving after higher. For everything is found a place—an object in the all-embracing scheme of Christianity.

The permanence of any system of democracy will depend upon the measure of success with which it can adopt, and make its own, the method and the motive power above referred to. It must willingly agree to recognise the individual's intrinsic worth. Worth, that is, because "he represents a separate thought of God", and is endowed with qualities for which on every ground the fullest scope is necessary.

No one will seriously deny that this aspect of the social problem requires presentment to the modern age.

The dual danger that arises from ignoring it is represented on the one side by the indifference, from whatever motive, of those above, on the other by the tendency of those below not infrequently to mistake their means for ends.

Careful reflection in the light of Christian teaching will inevitably here act as a corrective; it will emphasise the worth of all, the universal call to work for others; it will convince of mutual responsibility, and will tell of mutual share in common work and ultimate reward. It will also teach that so-called progress in this field will only justify itself if it remembers that the utmost legislation can effect is to provide the opportunity for every man to make himself. The world will only be regenerated by degrees and by reform of human character—a task that will always and of necessity remain the task of each and every member of the human race.

Enough has probably been said to give some idea of the objective of these lectures, and of the material of which they are composed. They represent at once an appeal to Christianity to realise its calling in the growing movement of the future, and an appeal, too, to the forces which that movement represents to realise the need of welcoming, at least of utilising, the religious motive, without which all social change must ultimately fail of true and permanent result.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

"Vittoria Colonna, with some Account of her Friends and her Times." By Maud F. Jerrold. London: Dent. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome." By Rodolfo Lanciani. London: Constable. 1906. 21s. net.

IT is a little difficult to explain the enduring fame of Vittoria Colonna. That she was accounted divine in her lifetime, that learned men contended for her friendship, while ancient cities threatened to stone the delegates who invited her elsewhere, was natural enough: for Vittoria was born into an age when universality of culture had obscured all genius, and a frigid imitation of old masterpieces was accepted rapturously by a society which had divorced literature from all reality. Parnassus had been rolled level in those days. The merest flutter was hailed as a lofty flight. On the throne of literary judgment sat Bembo, high priest of artificial rhapsody; and as the Sapphos of that fortunate age were led up for his approbation, he dismissed each with a courtly assurance that the charming verses presented to him were more exquisite than might have been expected from her sex. Just so much praise was enjoyed by Veronica Gamba, by Gaspara Stampa, even by Tullia d'Aragona, whose bonnet had long since been thrown over the roofs, but whose obligation to wear the yellow veil of courtesans did not prevent great cities from paying almost regal homage to her poetry and learning, while the Mantuan ambassador at Ferrara extolled her above Vittoria herself.

It is not in such contemporary judgments, which one notes only with a shrug of wonder, that an explanation of Vittoria's lasting reputation can be found. When however poems still sell freely in cheap editions some four hundred years after they were written, there must be in them something vital. A great personality, coupled with high station and the friendship of famous men, may have popularised Vittoria's poems once. But they rest upon their merits now, and the survival of their reputation is a curious fact. For it is difficult to discover in them any greatness. At their best they are graceful and charming, at their worst intolerably trite. Of the one hundred and thirty sonnets in which she bewailed her lost husband—that Marquis of Pescara of whom it is known that he was false, cruel and treacherous to a degree which earns the contempt of all historians—nearly the whole are frankly unreadable. These frigid little compositions can hardly have sprung from a deeply wounded heart. Sorrow has countless notes, and one respects all that are sincere. But these are too often just the cries of woe one might find in a prize poem in a college magazine.

Professor Lanciani, indeed, who, in the course of a gossiping and diverting book, devotes a chapter to the subject, writes of these poems with somewhat less than his customary insight, arguing that the sentiments of devotion expressed by so good a woman vindicate Pescara from the charges of treachery "brought against him by several historians". This plea discloses nothing but an imperfect knowledge of the heart of woman. Much may be said on either side of the question whether Pescara really meant to buy the throne of Naples for himself by betraying the Emperor. That he entertained Morone's overtures merely in order to disclose fully the political position of the Pope and Venice is a possibility, though a bare one; while on the other hand the indignation lavished on the means he adopted to reveal the plot seems a little overdone. Those who approach a commander with proposals that he should sell his honour cannot complain if they are met with craft. The case is in a high degree obscure and doubtful, and it seems probable that the truth will never be known. But the argument is not assisted by the plea which Professor Lanciani uses; for the world is full of rascals who, by some kind gift of Heaven, retain the full devotion of a saintly woman. Whether Vittoria's devotion was sincere, or merely a literary pose, more or less consciously adopted, is another question which is debated by Mrs. Jerrold as by many other writers, but is now insoluble. One may at least point out that Vittoria, who must have known from many sources the true facts about her husband's conduct, took no steps to vindicate him from the harsh contemporary judgment of her friend Giovio and of other writers.

It is curious to note how resolutely Vittoria's verse is divorced from the absorbing interest of the events which passed around her. She grew up among those who had seen a kingdom fall. She was a child when the first French lances gleamed on the shore of the Chiaja. Her home upon the sea-girt rock at Ischia was the refuge to which the young King Ferdinand fled. Her very servants must have seen him come with the bitter words of the Psalmist on his lips, "Except the Lord build the house . . ." Refugees both noble and simple must have crowded to that rock. The fall of the Stuarts was not more tragic than that of the Aragon kings. The story as told by Guicciardini has almost an epic greatness. Romance was in the air Vittoria breathed, and more than romance, for that deep awe and pity cannot have been absent from her circle which even now assails men who read the story of the thirty years ending with the sack of Rome. That she brushed aside these warm, fierce passions which palpitated all about her, finding in them no material for her art, is an odd revelation of the artistic aims of that highly cultured age. Vittoria was a woman of quick sympathy and noble impulse, so far as we can gather. Doubtless her heart was wrung from day to day by sights and tales such as would have drawn from a Border peasant verses which soared above all art. Yet with these impressions fresh upon her she withdrew daily to her study and produced—what? A cold, artificial sonnet, packed with ingenuities and double rhymes, repeating for the hundredth time her lamentations over a husband who neglected and was unfaithful to her, and whose early death created a void nowhere unless it were in her heart.

The explanation lies no doubt in the bewilderment with which even the noblest minds of the early sixteenth century watched the overthrow of institutions, civil and religious, which took place before their eyes. Naples ravaged alternately by French and Spaniards, Milan in no better case, even Rome, the sacred city, sacked by the vile mob which Frundsberg led across the Alps, the whole land rocking with the tramp of foreign mercenaries, while the allegiance of mighty houses inclined to one side or the other according to the advantage of the moment—is it strange that even wise men looked on with stupor, and sought such inspiration as they could discover in their studies among those things which do not change? Vittoria Colonna found two ideals on which her thoughts might rest in peace, faith in her husband and love of God. The latter mastered her entirely at last, and then for the first time she produced verse which can still be read with pleasure. It is not great verse. Neither in richness of imagery nor in

fervour of devotion is it comparable to the best religious poetry, such for instance as Manzoni's hymn commencing

"Madre dei Santi, immagine
Della città superna,
Del Sangue incorruttibile
Conservatrice eterna . . ."

The sonorous cadence of such lines was beyond Vittoria's reach, nor was the heart in her that conceived them. Yet it would not be just to rank her among those who were content to follow the spirit of their times, not seeking to control it. In matters of religious faith she showed breadth of mind, and spoke courageously. She was intimate with the little band of would-be reformers who dreamed of purifying the Church from within. She loved Ochino, that Frate Bernardino whose preaching set all Italy aflame, touching the hearts of the people as none had done since Savonarola—"Oh quanto vale, quanto giova, quanto diletta" cried even the pagan Bembo—and indeed had she lived a little longer her rank and fame would scarce have saved her from the Inquisition. One wonders how she would have comported herself on finding her doctrine of justification by grace decisively condemned. Probably she would have recanted it, for she was a loyal daughter of the Church. Moreover, Frate Bernardino himself fled from martyrdom.

However that may be, she was a great and good woman, one of those who redeem the mother city of the world from the taunt levelled at it in her day that at Rome pure women live on the eighth hill. Mrs. Jerrold has marshalled her facts with industry and judgment and has produced a work which can be read with pleasure.

A GOLDEN BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

"Thomas à Kempis: his Age and Book." By J. E. G. De Montmorency. London: Methuen. 1906. 7s. 6d. net.

IN examining an old book on Roman rites the other day in an Oxford library we were scandalised by a queer misprint of "Cardinales" for "carnales". The printer's ideas had got mixed. Fleshiness must have got a tremendous lodgment in the high places of the fourteenth and fifteenth century Church when Petrarch could write of the "stupra, incestus, adulteria" of the court at Avignon, and when men like John XXIII. and Alexander VI. could succeed to the supreme commission, "Feed my sheep". But amid that filth what pure and sweet flowers blossomed—such lives as those of Bernard, Catherine, Bridget, Francis, Dominic, Theresa, Joan; such tender, devotional art as that of the early primitives; such great and solemn architecture as that of the minster-builders.

Mediæval mysticism was in a sense the fruit of the confusion and corruption of the time which drove men to the life of contemplation and of abstraction from earthly interests—*solus cum Solo*. Jean de Charlier de Gerson, however, the principal rival of Thomas à Kempis in the claim for the authorship of the "Imitatio Christi", was very much before the world and played a very considerable part in ecclesiastical affairs—so that from the time of the Council of Constance in 1418 he was called the Most Christian Doctor—before he passed into darkness and exile. In the Abbey of Moelck Gerson wrote the "Consolations of Theology", and there, if it really be his, the "Imitatio", which certainly was complete by 1425. But, as Mr. De Montmorency observes, the atmosphere and tone of the two works are entirely different.

Mysticism was also a protest against the hardening and deadening Nominalism which had come into fashion, and the influence of S. Anselm gave it a peculiar foothold in England, whence Richard Rolle of Hampole (1300-1349) exercised an immense indirect influence over European thought. Rolle had a disciple, an Austin Canon named Walter Hilton, author of the "Scala Perfectionis", to whom was commonly ascribed a book called "Musica Ecclesiastica", which turns out to be identical with the first three books of the "Imitatio". For two centuries Hilton's authorship

of the latter has had its partisans. Mr. De Montmorency deals candidly with this theory, while himself convinced that the author is neither Gerson nor Hilton nor S. Bernard (whose claim is excluded by the reference, if genuine, to the "lowly saint Francis"), but Thomas Haemmerlein of Kempen, the saintly disciple of the Common Life—"Master Thomas of Mount S. Agnes and canon regular of Utrecht". He addresses himself to the evidence of MSS., of which he gives a number of photographs. We must say that our confidence in Mr. De Montmorency's conclusions is weakened by several careless blunders. For example, he transcribes the beginning of Harley MS. 3,223 thus: "Incipit libellus devotus et utilis compositus a domino Johani Gersem cancellario parisiensi de Imitatione Christi et contemptu omnium vanitatis (sic) mundi." The (sic) is Mr. De Montmorency's. But the word in the MS. is plainly "vanitatum", and after "domino" the words are "Johanne Gersem cancellario parisiensi". Again, he finds "a fascinating item of literary history" in the preface of the Augsburg editio princeps, where we read: "Quidam totum libellum appellat libellum de imitatione Christi sicut evangelium Mathei appellatur liber generacionis Jesu Christi eo quod in primo capitulo sit mentio de generacione Christi". He translates "sicut appellatur" "as if it were called" instead of "just as it is called", then talks about the publisher poking fun at people who call the whole book "libellus de imitatione Christi", and even thinks the "quiet humour" of the note may indicate that à Kempis himself penned it. Now in the same preface is an error in the MS. of "damni" for "omnium"—a very natural slip for a transcriber to make, but impossible for a writer at first-hand. We make our author then a present of the suggestion that this editio princeps has been copied together with its prefatory note. The words "ab omni caecitate cordis liberari" seem to be taken from the Litany rather than from the Bible, though the "Imitatio" is full of Scriptural references. The sparseness of classical quotations gives no hint of a Renaissance date.

Mr. de Montmorency's general observations about this wonderful book are pregnant and excellent. He easily refutes the philistine attacks of nineteenth-century liberals like Milman and Thackeray on the supposed selfishness of its spirit. "The scheme of the book", wrote Thackeray in 1849, "would make the world the most wretched, useless, dreary, doting place of sojourn—a set of selfish beings crawling about, avoiding one another, and howling a perpetual Miserere". This cheap talk about idle monkery is in contrast with Johnson's reverence for the "Imitation". A man who lived only in the hermitage of his own soul would not have written words like "si portari vis, porta et alium", or like "nunquam sis ex toto otiosus, sed aut legens aut scribens aut orans aut meditans aut aliquid utilitatis pro communi laborans". But if we would do, we must first be. If we would loose the captives, we must first learn the way of the Cross—that is the lesson which the older and deeper Christianity has to teach the well-meaning new. Do not bustle, but kneel. Do not rush forth redressing human wrongs till you have learned self-conquest. Imiteris Christum.

IN THE STEPS OF RAWLINSON.

"Persia Past and Present, a Book of Travel and Research."
By A. V. Williams Jackson. London: Macmillan.
1906. 17s. net.

THIS is a book of travel of the good, old-fashioned kind. Its author is a Zoroastrian scholar of reputation who knew what to look for in Persia and how to look for it, and who has spent three years in the preparation of his narrative. The result is a volume which has a permanent value, and will take its place by the side of those of Sir Robert Ker Porter and Lord Curzon.

One of the objects Professor Jackson had in view was to re-examine certain doubtful characters in the great inscription of Darius Hystaspis at Behistun. The examination involved a good deal of hard work and even danger, and left the traveller with a profound admiration of Rawlinson's labours. The task accom-

plished by Rawlinson was at once laborious and difficult; it was attended with actual risk to life, the copyist being obliged at times to be suspended by a rope from the cliff; and the copy of the inscription he finally succeeded in making was extraordinarily accurate. This last fact especially impressed his American successor. The inscription, however, seems to have suffered since Rawlinson's time; springs of water trickle over it, and the Persian climate is destructive. The number of instances in which Professor Jackson was able to correct Rawlinson's text was after all not very great.

The Professor's opportunities for exploration, however, were seriously curtailed by two causes. He was pressed for time, and he entered Persia from the north too early in the year. The cold was often intense, and frost and snow, not to speak of winter rains, prevented anything like exploration. At Hamadan, for instance, the ground was covered with snow which effectually concealed whatever antiquities might be beneath it. In some cases, moreover, Professor Jackson was imperfectly supplied beforehand with topographical information. Thus it was not until after his return to America that he learned that at Dashtapah, near which he passed, there is a cuneiform inscription on a rock, nor does he appear to be even now aware that it is an interesting monument of the proto-Armenian kings. It has been copied and photographed by de Morgan, Belck, and Lehmann, but an additional photograph of it would have been welcome.

At Urumiah he visited in company with the American missionaries some of the "ash-hills", of which as many as sixty-four have been noted. Excavation has shown them to be composed of masses of ashes mixed with earth, the ashes sometimes resting on a natural elevation. The natives are doubtless right in describing them as the "hills of the Fire-worshippers" and seeing in them the remains of Zoroastrian fire-temples. Various kinds of pottery, as well as terra-cotta figurines and coins, are found in them; the pottery being of a red or brown clay, and including pots with handles or spouts. Professor Jackson saw a jar at a depth of more than twenty feet from the surface which contained fragments of bones and grains of parched corn. He could not hear, however, "of a single instance where any inscribed tablet or cylinder had been found among the layers of earth and ashes". The only seal-cylinder discovered was in a stone-built chamber or tomb in an ash-hill at Geog Tapah, where the Nestorians were engaged in digging the foundations of a church; it is a large Babylonian cylinder of translucent alabaster with figures in relief, and is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art at New York. The pottery is rarely decorated, though figures of men and horses or bands of dark colour are occasionally painted on it.

Professor Jackson has no doubt that the tomb of the great Cyrus is at Murghab, notwithstanding the scepticism of certain German scholars, and his visit to it was paid in the true pilgrim fashion. At Naksh-i-Rustam, the burial-place of Darius and his successors, he examined with special care the level spaces towards the top of the cliff which have been supposed to be the tables on which the dead were left to be devoured by dogs and vultures in accordance with the prescriptions of the Avesta. That such was the use to which it was intended to put them seems very probable, but that they belong to the same period as the royal tombs below is out of the question. As the Professor remarks, the tombs "were evidently designed to hold large coffins, if we may judge from the size of the loculi and from the description of the tombs back of the platform as given by Diodorus". The Achæmenian princes may have been faithful followers of Ahuramazda, but they were certainly not well acquainted with the ceremonial law of the Avesta.

Professor Jackson naturally took every opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of the few Zoroastrians who still survive Mohammedan persecution in Persia, and he has given an interesting account of the Zoroastrian community at Yezd. One whole chapter of his book, in fact, is devoted to a description of their religious customs. But manuscripts were scarcely to be found among them, and the best-informed members of the community assured him that all their more important manuscripts had been sent to India for safe-

keeping, and that the chances of obtaining hitherto unknown copies was growing yearly less. Avestan scholars must be content with such material as they at present possess.

We cannot part from Professor Jackson's book without a word of admiration for the photographs with which it is profusely illustrated. They have been carefully selected, and with few exceptions are clear and helpful. The index needs revision.

NOVELS.

"The Country House." By John Galsworthy. London: Heinemann. 1907. 6s.

There are titles that challenge expectation. "The Country House" is one of them. It covers ground. Here is not a mere slice of life, a personal affair, a particular instance: it is a slice from a nation, a base of interests, an enduring condition. And Mr. Galsworthy begins his story as though he meant so to treat it. He prepares his colours for a big canvas; he proceeds with a fine deliberateness to map out the scene. Had he carried the story through on the scale of the opening chapters, he would have justified his thesis and offered us a notable achievement. But though conscious of his theme to the end, and discoursing of it throughout with reflective philosophy, the solid elaboration of the subject evaporates as it advances into a vague love affair of the eldest son in London, and the scope of the book contracts from the country house to the country squire. The author's failure to sustain his intention is probably a consequence of his attempt to work from too restricted a base. He has, perhaps for the sake of definition, completely isolated his country house. Save for their occasional entertainment it has practically no relation with its neighbours, and, however typical the house may be, it is impossible to represent the wide variety of its class by a solitary example. The country house is very dependent on its neighbours, very sensitive to the opinions and the fortunes of its kind, and it is impossible to render that sensitiveness and that dependence without a wider reticulation of the system than Mr. Galsworthy has included. It is, of course, the central problem in a book of the kind to prevent undue domination either of the situation or of the story, and the author, conscious perhaps that in a previous work he permitted the situation to dictate terms to him, has in this been too much inclined to restrict its scope. The story is indeed not of much interest, but very few could have made its meagre materials go so far. It offers us, at least, a portrait quite wonderful in its deft drawing. Helen Bellew is rendered by a few impressionist touches, but we know her better, inside and out, than anyone in the book. Her farewell to Mrs. Pendyce seems the only faulty stroke in a little miracle of suggestion. It is this swift dramatic definition of the author which so well fits him for work in which many characters are required and the dynamics of personality must be presented with the very least expenditure of space. We never get a glimpse of Helen Bellew, be it but the end of her smile or the point of her shoulder, without being conscious of some set in the current which her presence has produced. And this gift of inducing a sense of force by a mere sketch of character is one of the surest intimations of a master.

"The Wingless Victory." By M. P. Willcocks. London: Lane. 1907. 6s.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." That is the real moral of this book. "A passionate desire for the mastery of life", which the author tells us is the spirit of the twentieth century, is likely, when unfettered by moral or religious scruples, to land the individual and the race in strange predicaments. Let us see how it works out in this novel. It leads Dr. Borlace to endanger the public health in order to win a cheap distinction in his wife's eyes; it leads his wife to pass herself off as unmarried in order that she may make an equally cheap conquest of a simple-minded yeoman. Preferable to such a woman is Mary

Congden, "law-loving, sweet-faced, tender-hearted", of whom and of whose attitude to life the author clearly has a poor opinion. Yet our masterful century, it is refreshing to learn, cannot wholly wrench itself free from the tendrils of the past. It is an erring woman, loving much, who checks the Doctor and his wife in their career of folly, and saves this unattractive couple from completely ruining their own lives and (more important) the lives of others.

"A Blind Bird's Nest." By Mary Findlater. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.

This is the simple quiet story of a convict's daughter; it moves slowly, it is gently prolonged in the manner of old-fashioned romances, and it is instinct with the air of good-breeding for which we so often look vainly in slap-dash modern fiction. Since the father of Agnes Sorel was sent to penal servitude for killing a man who had ruined his sister, the disgrace which people in the novel consider to have been cast upon his child seems somewhat strained. Be that as it may, Miss Findlater has presented several clever miniatures of feminine character. For five-sixths of the book we vegetate in rural Devonshire, so that the heroine's adventures in the United States at the end have a positively startling effect. "God builds the nest of the blind bird" is a charming old proverb, and the vicissitudes of Agnes, a lonely, unhappy child, can be followed with almost affectionate interest.

"What Might Have Been." London: Murray. 1907. 6s.

The anonymous writer of this social satire has produced an entertaining book. Taking as his assumption that certain modern harmful tendencies have been allowed free play, he shows what might happen in the event of their triumph. He has a good deal to say about modern socialism, and, if ridicule could kill, the author would have achieved his purpose.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"A Text Book of Irish Literature." By Eleanor Hull. Part II. Dublin: Gill. London: Nutt. 1906. 3s. net.

If Miss Hull carries out her intention of giving a bibliography in the second part of this text-book, she will do a great service to all who are interested in Celtic literature. The old Irish legends have been summarised and paraphrased a dozen times in recent books, but hitherto the beginner has had no guide to tell him what exactly are the sources, and wherein differ the various versions, of the sagas and poems. The first instalment of her text-book gives a very clear account of the ancient mythological poems (which have parallels in Welsh), the heroic literature which centres in Cuchulain and the Red Branch warriors (practically confined to Ulster), the legends of the Kings of Tara, the early Christian literature, and the extant works of Irish bards up to the fifteenth century. The "Fenian" or Ossianic poems and stories, common to Ireland and the Scottish Highlands, are left over for the second volume. Miss Hull, as was to be expected, has done her work well: the little volume has none of the usual dullness of manuals intended, as this is, for schools. The book makes us wonder why no one has ever produced a work which would explain to schoolboys what Greek and Latin literature is all about and so humanise their linguistic taskwork. We are glad to see that Miss Hull quietly refutes the patriotic fallacy that Norse and Norman invaders had a merely destructive influence on Gaelic letters, and testifies that there is in the early and mediæval Irish legends and stories "an element of fine and healthy optimism which is strangely at variance with the modern popular conception of the prevailing melancholy of Irish literature". The Gaels fought and loved strenuously, like the Homeric Greeks and the Norse, and we have heard far too much lately about the twilight in which they are supposed to have passed their days. Cuchulain and his peers are much more like eagles than owls. Miss Hull's little book will enable many people who talk about Celtic literature to discover for the first time its real character.

"Northern India." By W. Crooke. London: Constable. 1907. 6s. net.

Mr. Crooke's account of Northern India is the latest volume in an admirable series descriptive of the "Native Races of the British Empire". The field covered is wide, the races dealt with are many and of great variety of origin. Northern India roughly may be defined as the Hindustan of the old school books in contradistinction to the Deccan or Southern India.

In extent it is nearly double that of France, Italy and Germany combined, its population being 195 millions. Only those who have spent some time in India or have read up the subject pretty thoroughly can realise how far "the varying conditions of Himalayan orography have affected the ethnology of those regions". In no part of the world, says Mr. Crooke, do the people live under more diverse conditions, some in perpetual snow, others in torrid heat; in some districts there is a rainfall of 60 feet in the year, in others it is scanty and precarious. "In mode of life and general culture there are the most startling differences. Education flourishes in the deltas and in the larger cities, while generally speaking the rural classes in the plains are steeped in ignorance and superstition. Some frontier tribes of Assam and in the Southern hill ranges are still in the savage stage—in Orissa, the Juangs for instance having only quite recently abandoned the use of leaf garments." And so on throughout industries, handicrafts, customs and social relations. Mr. Crooke has packed much research into a comparatively small volume, the usefulness of which is enhanced by a three-page bibliography.

FIVE TRAVEL-BOOKS.

1. "Switzerland and its People." By Clarence Rook. Painted by Effie Jardine. London: Chatto and Windus. 1907. 20s. net.
2. "Through Portugal." By Martin Hume. London: E. Grant Richards. 1907. 5s. net.
3. "A Book of the Pyrenees." By S. Baring-Gould. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.
4. "The Naples Riviera." By Herbert M. Vaughan. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.
5. "Three Vagabonds in Friesland." By H. F. Tomalin, with Photographs by Arthur Marshall. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

It must be their own fault if intelligent visitors to foreign parts are not well informed as to all that ought to interest them. The indispensable guide-book is being supplemented by a heap of more discursive volumes as portable as Murray or Baedeker. In fact there, as in other spheres, the specialist is abroad. "Switzerland", in quarto shape, is the only one of these five volumes which will not go easily into a hand-bag; but if it must reluctantly be left behind, it will well repay reading. Mr. Rook is a lively and picturesque writer, and we have never come across a more readable account of the rise and progress of the Swiss Confederation. He traces it from its small beginnings when the Forest Cantons rose against the misrule of their feudal superiors, and he describes the growth of a Constitution which is a model of economic efficiency. In spite of religious wars and civil broils the country gradually grew rich; industry and agriculture expanded in the Protestant lowlands, while the shepherds and hunters of the Catholic cantons sold their blood to the highest bidder, and mounted guard in the ante-chambers of the Vatican and Louvre. In other chapters he reminds us how the shrewd inhabitants have speculated in the attractions of the Playground of Europe: tunnelling the Alps, desecrating their mountain solitudes with funicular railways, and filling their hotels in winter as in summer by fostering a passion for winter sports. Miss Jardine's coloured drawings are generally excellent; but, inevitably perhaps, she has been over-ambitious. Such scenes as that of her "Lake of Geneva" are charming, but it is more difficult to give reality to the fleeting cloud-effects, to the lights on the shroud-like surface of a glacier, or the actual impression of a "dust-fall", dissolving in its descent in a haze of spray.

Though they may be familiar with the writings of Mr. Oswald Crawford, Major Martin Hume's run through Portugal will come to most people as something of a revelation. Portugal, in truth, is a fascinating country to those who can put up with indifferent fare, indefinite delays, and slow conveyances. The Portuguese, contemptuously looked down upon by their Spanish neighbours, have been unjustly abused, and for that "Childe Harold" is partly responsible. Major Hume finds them invariably courteous and hospitable, and as peasantry they take good care of themselves and live uncommonly well. A most defensible country, with its mountains and forests, its wastes and its waters, it has always been rich enough to tempt invaders. Everywhere the cultured dilettante comes on evidences of its former wealth and grandeur, in the stupendous ruins of massive mediæval fortresses, and in convents with dilapidated halls and cloisters that once sheltered battalions of happy monks. Among all the deserted shrines he visited, he dwells most on the hill convent of Busaco, now turned into a palatial hotel. That monkish Eden is only strategically referred to in histories of the war, though it was there Wellington had his quarters the night before the great battle. The fault we have to find with the clever sketches in colour is that they are somewhat faint in tint and rather too much en vignette.

Mr. Baring-Gould, who is doing the Continent, finds a congenial subject in the Pyrenees. The great mountain barrier between France and Spain is rich in legend and thrilling history, from the days when Roland may have fallen in the fight at Roncesvalles to those when Wellington fought the seven days' battles and forced the passage of the Bidassoa. With kingdoms like Navarre and Roussillon lying half on either side, that debatable land was the constant scene of internecine wars over disputed successions. The wild mountain princes, Armagnacs and de Foix, with their cruelties, their crimes and their incestuous marriages shocked even the loose morality of their contemporaries, yet their atrocities were almost surpassed by the horrors of the various Crusades. The Pyrenees were the last refuge of the broken bands of desperate causes; their smugglers became brigands when trade was slack, or turned guerillas on the slightest provocation. Nowhere has there been a more conservative tenacity of speech, customs and costume than in the Basque Provinces. All that is passed in review by Mr. Gould, and with personal knowledge he takes us through ports and cirques to the bare plateaux, the broken forest land and the Alpine pastures, patrolled by the shepherds with their powerful dogs, the haunts of the bear, the wolf and the izard.

Mr. Vaughan gives a generous interpretation to the Naples Riviera, including the Islands of the Blessed that float in a pellucid atmosphere in the enchanting bay. Everywhere he is resuscitating a dead past, from Herculaneum submerged in volcanic mud, and Pompeii long buried in a shroud of ashes, to Salerno of the once famous medical schools, to Paestum with the temples that were dilapidated when S. Paul landed at Puteoli, and to Amalfi which was for a time supreme at sea till the now moribund Pisa contested the supremacy. Altogether the book, though written with verve and sympathy, is somewhat melancholy reading. Remembering the days when, with the brigand abroad, the expedition to Paestum was something of a venture, we are inclined to regret the prosaic facilities lent by train and soldo steamboat to the tourist or tripper. Everything is changed. You can take a ticket for Paestum station, where the unhappy stationmaster and his porters sit behind windows glazed with gauze wire, and wear the mosquito-proof veils and gloves which are no defence against the deadly malaria. Capri has been vulgarised and become a Neapolitan Margate, and even the familiar cone of Vesuvius was shivered in the last explosion. Mr. Vaughan has useful hints to winter visitors as to eligible places of sojourn, and we heartily agree with him in his warning against being seduced into trying Sorrento by fond recollections of its hanging orange gardens in spring. Illustration is being overdone now in low-priced books. We are disappointed in Mr. Greiffenhagen's drawings. They show evident traces of haste, and in some is a sad lack of perspective.

The Three Vagabonds do not bother themselves or us about the history of Friesland. They deal with places and personalities in an amusing fashion, and the humour is creditably sustained throughout. They went over much the same ground—or water—as Mr. Doughty did some thirty years ago, but in a native craft and with less of luxury. They lived chiefly on bread, eggs and fish; nor in that land of eels did eels figure so frequently in the menu as we should have expected. They are cheery fellows and capital company, and Mr. Marshall's numerous photographs of the scenes, and especially of the natives, are deserving of praise.

THE APRIL REVIEWS.

Reflections on the issues involved in the Colonial Conference and purely literary essays occupy the major portion of the space of the Reviews this month. There are, of course, many items of special interest, such as Sir Auckland Colvin's "Egypt To-day" in the "Nineteenth Century"—a timely survey in view of Lord Cromer's report—Mr. Alfred Noyes' poetic tribute in the "Fortnightly" to Mr. Swinburne, on the

(Continued on page 436.)

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completion of his seventieth year yesterday, and an article in the "Albany"—the metamorphosed "Independent Review", which makes a capital start—dealing with the question of small holdings, in anticipation of the demonstration of land reformers to be addressed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Churchill on April 20.

Lord Milner's article in the "National" on the problems to be discussed with the Imperial Government by the Colonial Premiers—of whom we get a most readable account in the "Monthly" by Mr. E. S. Osborne—is a striking contribution to the discussion of the future of the Empire. Writing as an "Imperialist of the new school", he points out that the goal to be aimed at is this:—"That the several States of the Empire, however independent in their local affairs, however dissimilar in some of their institutions, should yet constitute, for certain purposes, one body politic; that, in their relations to the rest of the world, they should appear, and be, a single Power, speaking with one voice, acting and ranking as one great unit in the society of States." Lord Milner is convinced that things cannot go on indefinitely as they are, and expresses keen regret that the one practical form of Imperial partnership which all the colonies desire, should have met with no better reception in Great Britain. "The historian of the future will rub his eyes with wonder, as foreign observers already do, at the national infatuation which has led us to look askance and to boggle over one of the fittest opportunities ever offered to any nation of recovering what it had carelessly thrown away. 'Preferential trade relations' with our own fellow kinsmen, a position of permanent advantage in some of the greatest and most promising markets in the world, is a boon which—apart entirely from its political consequences, great as they must be—would be worth securing even at a heavy price. And the price we should in fact have to pay is a bagatelle." He holds out a hope that the Imperial Government may after all adopt a less hostile attitude to the principle of preference, and meantime urges all who "feel the vital importance of preferential trade" to pelt the dear-food bogey not with ridicule, but with hard facts. Some of the hard-facts which Lord Milner desires are given in another article in the "National" by Mr. J. L. Garvin; whilst Mr. H. C. Thomson's statement of the case for Newfoundland against the pretensions of America affords useful information bearing on another question which the Conference must consider. The anxiety with which the Liberals, the much-vaunted friends of the colonies, regard the meeting is reflected in Mr. E. T. Cook's article in the "Contemporary". Mr. Cook plays the part of candid friend; in other words, he admits that the colonists, who of course are reminded that they owe so much to Liberalism, do not trust the party in power. The Conference, he thinks, will be a splendid opportunity for removing all grounds of misunderstanding, which he traces to a suspicion that the Liberals were disposed to depart from "their own principle of local self-government". That the suspicion is not altogether ill-founded Mr. Cook concedes when he reserves "many colonial affairs to which the rule of unrestricted local self-government does not apply", and it will certainly not be removed by the editorial notes of the "Albany". Liberals, according to this exponent of their colonial policy, "cannot accept the asfounding doctrine so current among the thoughtless, which claims for small, white communities, in the name of self-government, absolute control over the destinies of unrepresented persons for whom the Imperial Government has made itself responsible!" The italics and the note of exclamation are not ours. Mr. Geoffrey Drage in the "Fortnightly" hopes for one practical result, and gives in brief outline his idea of the objects which it will be possible to attain if the result of the Australian proposal only takes the form of a properly equipped Intelligence Department to be attached to the Conference.

Of the literary articles that on the Ruskin Copyright in the "Monthly" by Mr. G. A. B. Dewar naturally appeals strongly to the SATURDAY REVIEW, whose association with the matter is handsomely acknowledged. The article is a vigorous and amplified statement of the points already made in this Review, setting forth clearly the reasons why all Ruskin-lovers must have the final, and reject reprints of the early, incomplete and unrevised editions of his works. What is happening in the case of Ruskin has happened in other cases and will happen again unless effect is given to Mr. Lloyd-George's declaration on the subject in Parliament on February 27 last. "We owe it as a solemn debt," says Mr. Dewar, "to our great writers and thinkers, such as Darwin and Ruskin, to present their works in the authentic form on which they insisted when living. This act of faithfulness is the only return we can make them for the benefit they have done us. It is idle to set up monuments in their honour and 'to garland the tombstone' if we debase their text." Mr. Herbert Paul in the "Contemporary" asks "Is Literature Dying?" and Mr. J. A. Spender in the "Nineteenth Century" enters "a plea for the popular in literature". There is little in common between the two save the conclusion that there are no literary giants in these days as there were throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century. Mr. Paul seems to think the final blow to literature, already moribund, will come with the supremacy of science, and Mr. Spender that literature

is being killed by style, "by the critical tyranny which would make artists instead of preachers and prophets"—in other words, by manner divorced from matter. "If literature is to be in the future what it has been in the past it must retain its attraction for men of genius," says Mr. Paul. "Will the highest intellects concern themselves with insoluble problems, with windows that exclude the light and passages that lead to nothing? . . . When, if ever, science is finally enthroned as the goddess of reason, the one source of real truth here below, the arbitress of human destiny, the dictatress of the world, literature must gradually subside into a tale of little meaning, a relic of the past." What Mr. Spender means by the popular in literature is apparently something between the artificial extremes in favour with those who write over the heads of the reading public, and those who write down to the largest number. Both, according to Mr. Spender, despise the public, the one exploiting and creating a vulgar taste, the other "priding" themselves on appealing to "a few refined persons" by choosing what is remote and complicated. "And yet the field of the really great writers lies broad and shining between these two extremes and on it is ample scope for all works that are at once simple and profound. . . . The public, I believe, is ripe for a richer and fuller kind of literature than we have had in recent years."

In the "Cornhill" Dr. Sidgwick gives some samples of irony in literature. A personal note is sounded in other literary articles, Mr. Lang's on Mark Twain in the "Albany", Mr. G. W. Prothero's on Leslie Stephen, and the Abbé Ernest Dimnet's on M. Clémenceau as writer and philosopher in the "Nineteenth", G. Constant's on Ferdinand Brunetière in the "Contemporary", and C. Louis Leipoldt's on John Keats as Medical Student in the "Westminster". In the "Fortnightly" Mr. H. C. Minchin, in "Blackwood" Mr. T. H. Lobban, and in "Macmillan's" Mr. Austin Dobson have some extremely interesting notes on Fielding, whose bicentenary will occur on April 22. No doubt, as Mr. Minchin says, "Fielding still has readers, still has admirers"—for is he not admittedly "among the Titans"?—but he is probably read by very few; and unexpurgated, by none save the student. It is a remarkable tribute to the enduring quality of "Tom Jones" that it may be read still for either the story or the style. Mr. Lobban says the plot is not perfect and that many inferior novels have had better plots. "The distinction of 'Tom Jones' is that there has never been so good a novel with so good a plot." Mr. Dobson's short paper presents two or three fresh facts—or rather corrects some old ones—especially with regard to Fielding's residence at Leyden University. It is now clear that he was not at Leyden for two years before 1727, but from March 1728 to February 1730.

For this Week's Books see page 438.

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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

GENTLEMEN,—Your Directors beg to submit their Eleventh Annual Report with audited Accounts for the year ending 31st December, 1906.

The Working Expenditure and Revenue Account shows that during the year revenue was obtained from gold won amounting to £175,613 2s. 6d., which was increased by £2,141 4s. on account of various items of sundry revenue and interest on funds at call, making a total revenue for the year of £177,754 13s. 6d. Expenditure for the period amounted to £68,738 13s. 10d. This included a sum of £7,321 17s. 5d. for Redemption of development and Main Shaft, which finally disposes of the outstanding amounts shown in last year's balance sheet.

ports of the outstanding claims show that in 1905, the amount, amounted to 679,015 roubles rrd. It will be noticed that while the rate of profit paid on milled shales shows a slight improvement on that of 1905, the actual sum is a decided falling off as compared with the results obtained in that year. This is due to the considerably smaller tonnage crushed during the current year—practically but two-thirds of the tonnage sent to the mill in 1905. This fact to a great extent also explains the higher rate of working costs. The increase, however, was fully expected in face of the abnormal conditions of working which have obtained during the current year.

Reference to PROFIT and LOSS ACCOUNT will show that after adding the Working Profit for the year, mentioned already, to the balance of £588 12s. 8d., brought forward from 1905, and allowing for a sum of £14 12s. 8d., received in final settlement of the value of the gold recovered ex Pretoria Mint in 1902, a total of £70,610 5s. 3d. was available for appropriation.

The sum payable to the Transvaal Government for Profits Tax for the past year amounts to £7,977 18s.

It should, however, be explained that in arriving at this figure the company have not been able to take advantage of the balance of the allowance to be made on account of the Amortisation of Capital Expenditure.

On account of the Amortisation of Capital Expenditure.

At the request of the Chief Inspector of Revenues, this matter has been held over for final settlement, on the sale of your Company's Amortisable Assets.

After allowing for a small amount written off the value of Live Stock and Vehicles, a balance remained of £1,603 4s. 6d., which has been carried forward to the new Profit and Loss Account.

Up to December 31, 1906, the total value of the gold won from the Mine amounted to £2,733,511 2s. 6d. in which sum is included £241,015 8s. 10d., for gold extracted from the Mine during its working by the Boer Government.

As previously mentioned, two Interim Dividends were declared during the year, No. 15, of 22½ per cent., on 11th June, and No. 16, of 12½ per cent., on the 10th December, making a total distribution of seven shillings per share for the year.

Shareholders will note from the table provided that a sum of £1,325,000 has been distributed since the inception of the Company, amounting to 66½ per cent. on its capital.

As will be seen from the accompanying report from the Manager, a tonnage considerably in excess of the figure estimated to be in reserve at 31st December, 1905, has been extracted from the Mine.

The tonnage in sight at 31st December, 1906, consisted entirely of pillar ground, while some small amount of cleanings still remained to be won.

The operations for January and February, 1907, have accounted for approximately 6,500 tons, and there now remains but a very small tonnage to be crushed.

In common with the policy adopted by most of the Mining Companies, it was decided in October last to publish the amount of gold held in reserve, and this has been done in each Monthly Report since that date.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the object of having a certain amount of gold in reserve is to equalise monthly profits as nearly as possible, so that abnormal expenditure and fluctuations in yield, which at times are unavoidable, are prevented from unduly interfering with the normal monthly returns.

At 31st December, 1906, the gold held in reserve amounted to 672'371 fine ounces, valued at £42,807, which sum is included in the value of gold in transit. Per contra, this value also forms part of the liability under Sundry Creditors in the Balance Sheet.

The cost of Transfer, Survey, and Legal charges in connection with the purchase of the Freehold of part Claims, 236, 237 and 777, in all £84 12s. 3d., has been added to the value of this property, as will be seen in the Balance Sheet.

To Capital Account—		
200,000 Shares of £1 each	..	£200,000 0 0
Sundry Creditors—		
On account of Wages, Stores,		
&c.	£7,387 16 7	
Sundry Shareholders—		
Unclaimed Dividends No. 1 to 15	1,033 15 11	
Dividend No. 16 of 1½ per cent.	25,000 0 0	
	<hr/>	£33,421 13 6
Transvaal Government—		
Ten per cent. Profits Tax for		
year 1906	7,977 18 0	
	<hr/>	41,399 10 6
Balance—		
As per Profit and Loss Account		1,603 4 6

NOTE.—There are Contingent Liabilities on account of shares subscribed for in other Companies as under :—

£64 per Share on 17 Co-operative Ex-			
change Yard, Ltd., Shares	£, 1088	0	0
8s. per Share on 198 Witwatersrand			
Native Labour Assoc., Ltd., Shares	79	4	0
£2 2s. per Share on 988 Chamber of			
Mines Labour Imp. Agency, Ltd.,			
Shares	2,074	16	0

63,242 0 0

2017年12月31日

Cr.	ASSETS.		
By Claims—As per Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1905	£125,000	0	0
Freehold		512	12 3
Freehold of part Claims 236, 237, 777, in all an area of 9206 claim Survey Fees, Transfer Duty and Fees, Legal Expenses	£423	0	0
	84	12	3
Permanent Works Shafts—			
As per Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1905	1,132	8	4
Less Amount Redeemed, 1906	1,132	8	4
Development—As per Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1905	5,989	9	1
Less Amount Redeemed, 1906	5,989	9	1
Machinery and Plant	£25,934	7	0
As per Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1905	25,155	0	0
Less Machinery Sold during 1906	220	13	0
Buildings—			
As per Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1905	9,988	0	0
			35,922 7 0
Stores—			
On hand	1,101	12	3
Live Stock & Vehicles	158	2	9
Less Depreciation	38	2	9
	120	0	0
Furniture Account	211	17	9
			1,433 10 0
Cash on Call	£0,011	8	11
Gold in Transit	11,843	14	9
Standard Bank, Ltd.	863	2	11
Dividend Accounts—			
Standard Bank, Ltd.	4,828	11	10
Current Account—			
Cash at Mine	26	13	11
			77,573 12 4
Sundry Debtors	1,023	3	5
Sundry Investments—			
Witwatersrand Native Labour Assoc., Ltd.	366	6	0
198 Shares of £1, of which 12s. per share is paid up.			
Deposit of £1 5s. per share on the above shares.			
Co-operative Exchange Yard, Ltd.	272	0	0
17 Working Capital Shares of £80 each, of which £16 per share is paid up.			
Chamber of Mines Labour Imp. Agency, Ltd.	839	4	0
988 Shares of £3 each, of which 18s. per share is paid up.			
	1,527	10	0
			81,567 15 0
			£243,002 15 0

Dr.		1906.			
To Dividend Account	£79,000	0	0	
No. 15 of 4s. 6d. per share,					
declared 18th June, 1906..		£43,000	0	0	
No. 16 of 2s. 6d. per share,					
declared 10th December,					
1906		25,000	0	0	
Transvaal Government 10 per					
cent. Tax					
Amount of Tax payable on					7,977 13 6
Profits for the year ended					
31st December, 1906.					
Depreciation					3 2 9
Live Stock and Vehicles ..		3 2 9			
Balance					1,603 4 6
Carried to Balance Sheet ..					
					<u>£79,619 5 3</u>
Cr.					
By Balance—					
As per Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1905					£583 12 6
Expenditure and Revenue—					
Balance of Account for 1906					79,015 19 11
Gold Recovered ex Mint					14 12 8
Final Distribution					
					<u>£79,619 5 3</u>

We hereby certify that we have examined and compared the Books and Vouchers^s of the Bonanza Limited, and that this Balance Sheet is a true and correct statement of the Company's affairs as at 31st December, 1906.

JNO. MOON,
A. E. PAGE,
Incorporated Accountants, } *Auditors*

JOHANNESBURG,
25th February, 1907

H. C. BOYD, *Acting Chairman.*
F. M. CECIL, *Secretary.*
W. T. GRAHAM, *Director.*

BRITISH GENERAL INSURANCE.

THE third annual general meeting of the British General Insurance Company, Limited, was held on Thursday at 10 Queen Street, E.C., Mr. H. C. Walker, M.I.M.E., presiding.

Mr. Norman M. Walker (general manager and secretary) having read the notice and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said: When we met last year, I ventured to suggest that a solid foundation had been laid on which to build our business, and to-day I am glad to place before you a report which, if it contains nothing of a startling nature, at least proves that substantial and satisfactory progress has been made. Our company was started about the time when a series of amalgamations began to take place, for within the past three years many of the oldest and best insurance offices have ceased to have a separate existence, being swallowed up by one or other of the giant companies. These numerous amalgamations are to be deplored for many reasons, as competition, even in the insurance world, is a healthy thing so long as it is carried on in a fair way, which, I am glad to say, is generally the case. For us, as shareholders in an insurance company, these amalgamations have a different meaning. At the present time the number of fire offices is diminishing, while the amount of business is increasing year by year. The business of this country is ever likely to be controlled by a trust, and hence the opportunity which exists at present for this company, which makes our future outlook a hopeful one. We have, I believe, gained the confidence of the public and the respect of our agents by the way we have handled their business, and you may rest assured that the policy which has brought the Company to its present state of success will be continued by the directors, who have your welfare at heart. Turning to the revenue account, our gross premiums amounted to £10,174, being an increase of £6,241 over 1905, while the net premiums, after deducting re-insurances, amount to £9,159, as against £3,572—a very substantial increase. Our investments are larger than last year, and, consequently, the interest received therefrom has increased. As our funds are now more than double what they were during the greater part of last year, our income from investments will still further increase during 1907. In these days of giant companies there is a temptation to enlarge figures at the expense of the quality of the business accepted; but our management is content with a moderate expansion of income, and I think you will agree that this is in the best interests of the shareholders. A great deal of business has still to be declined as being of too special or hazardous a nature, and it is only by adopting this conservative policy in the selection of our risks that we can show so favourable a loss ratio as we do. On the other side of the account we have claims paid and outstanding, £3,152. This works out at 34 per cent. of the net premium income, and is one decimal point below the corresponding figure of last year. This is a strong and gratifying feature of our accounts, and compares most favourably with the loss ratio of other companies transacting similar business. Expenses of management £3,374, and commission £1,173, show a considerable reduction in proportion to last year, being 49 per cent. of premiums as against 51. With an increasing business this ratio will still further be reduced this year, I hope, but when I remind you that only two years ago it worked out at about 150 per cent., I think you will agree that progress has been made in the right direction, and that the figure as it stands is a moderate one for a company after three years' work. The balance on profit and loss account, after bringing forward £155, is £1,733. Turning to the balance-sheet, our nominal capital has been increased during the year, by special resolution, to £100,000, and the amount of subscribed capital on December 31 was £48,322, as compared with £26,780 when we closed our books the previous year. In the original constitution of the capital of the Company provision was made for 20,000 preference shares; but we have always looked upon this as an unsatisfactory feature, although in the early stages of the Company perhaps it was necessary. At no time were more than 2,025 preference shares taken up, and the necessary steps have now been taken to convert all the shares into one class, as all the holders have agreed to waive any rights they might have, and throw in their lot with the holders of ordinary shares. Since some of the preference shares were fully paid, this has had the effect of increasing the subscribed capital to well over £50,000. A liberal estimate has been made for claims notified, but still remaining outstanding, and almost the whole of this, included in the item of £1,026, has since been settled. You will be glad to hear that we have not any claims outstanding which date back more than twelve months—that is to say, all claims notified prior to December 31, 1905, have been settled—and that we have not any annuitants upon our books. Turning to the other side of our balance-sheet, the amount of our investments has increased during the year from £3,303 to £6,850, and this item has been still further increased since our accounts were made up. The investments are all absolutely gilt-edged, and although there has been an almost unprecedented wave of depression in the markets recently, through which we must, temporarily at least, suffer to a small degree, on December 31 the market value of our securities was within a pound or two of the actual cost. Although there is no sign that the present depression is passing, the inevitable reaction must set in before long, and you will then reap the advantage of having purchased many of your investments at bedrock figures. The balance of £1,733 your directors recommend should be dealt with as under:—To write off one-half of preliminary expenses, £341; to place to reserve, £1,000; to pay a dividend of 2½ per cent. on old issue of shares, £205; balance carried forward to next year, £185. I feel sure you will be gratified at the result of the twelve months' work, and I am pleased we have now arrived at the dividend-paying stage, which is of so much interest to shareholders. I should like now just to make a short reference to the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, which comes into force on July 1 next. The opportunity for obtaining new business is absolutely unique, and offers even a greater scope than the previous Act of 1897. It is impossible to overestimate the far-reaching effects of this Act, as it practically means that every person who employs another person, in almost any capacity whatever, will be liable to pay compensation to the person employed should he meet with an accident during the employment. A great deal has been written in the press during the last few weeks about this new Bill, especially in its relation to the ordinary householder, and I do not therefore propose to take up your time now by dwelling at any length upon the Bill. All I want to emphasise here is the fact that our management are alive to the opportunity which is created, and they have for some weeks past been preparing prospectuses, rates, &c., so as to be in a position to deal with the bulk of the business which will be placed in a month or two's time. A considerable business has already been done, more particularly servants' insurance, and I would ask all those of our shareholders who have not already taken out a policy to do so with this Company at once. There is before Parliament at the present time a Bill which has for its object the applying of the Life Assurance Act to all companies who undertake employers' liability business, which will have the effect, if it is passed into law, of requiring us to make a deposit of £50,000 with the Government. This will mean a further increase in our capital; but the opportunity is quite unique, and we have little doubt that if we decide to increase the capital it will be readily taken up, now that the Company has been firmly established, and has been able not only to hold its own in competition, but to make such good progress as you see from the accounts. I now move the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Whittaker seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously.

The dividend recommended was approved, and a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff brought the proceedings to a close.

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